EMBER 8 — 14, 1980

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EVE'S WEEKLY

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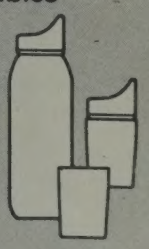

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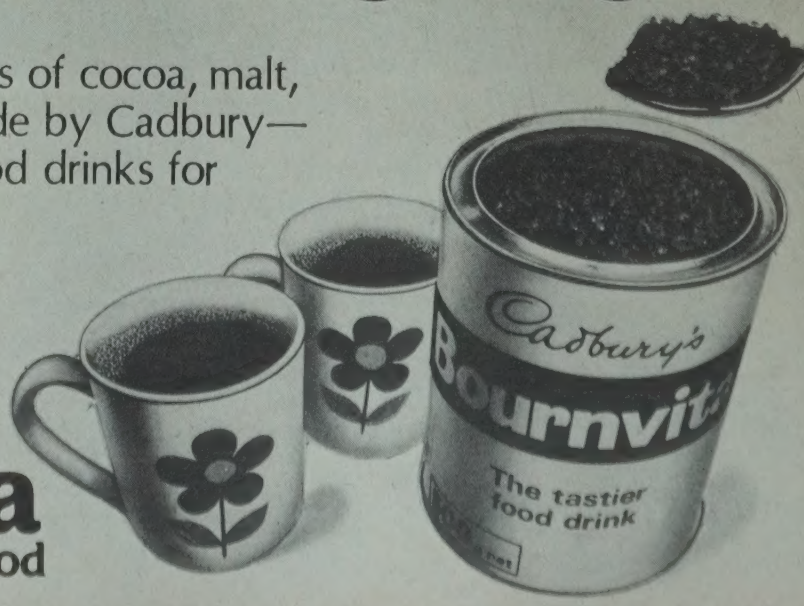

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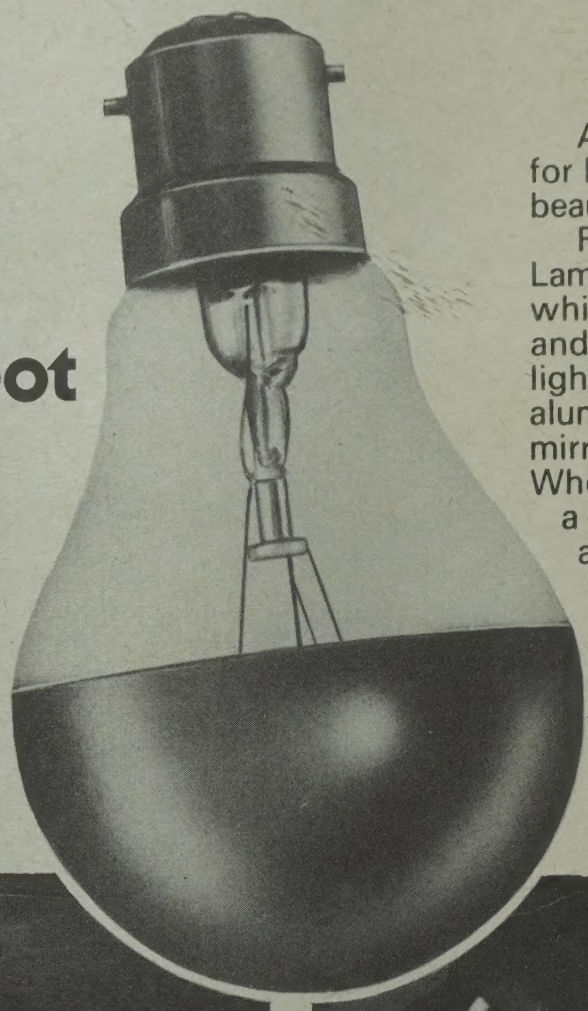

A brilliant, little idea for highlighting something beautiful!

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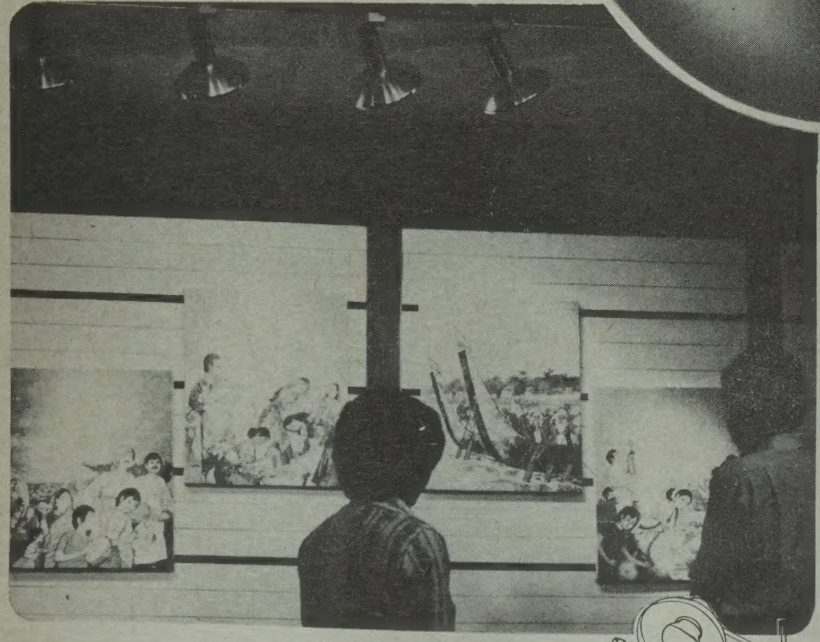
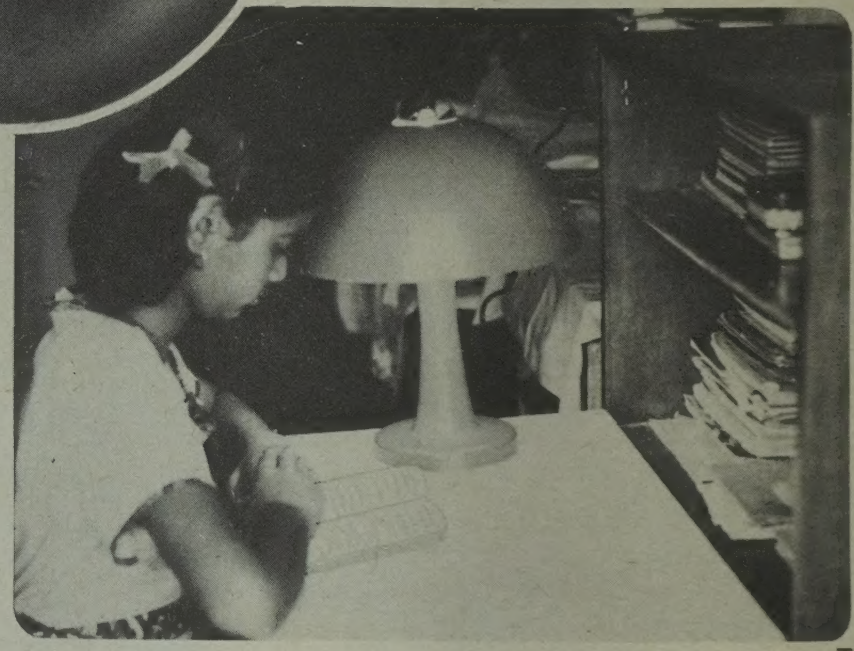
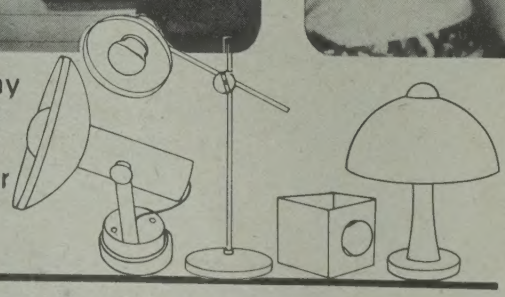




These economy fittings can be used with the Bowl Reflector Lamp.



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EVE'S WEEKLY

VOL. XXXIV NO. 45 BOMBAY NOV. 8 — 14, 1980

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J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

CHIEF SUB EDITOR
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SUB EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN
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DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA
VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

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CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

K. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

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THIS WEEK

A TIME TO ACT

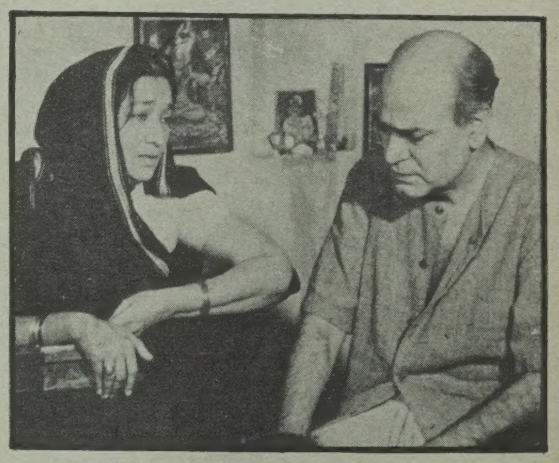
The all-India campaign against rape launched by women early this year resulted in the appointment of a Law Commission on the basis of whose recommendations a Bill proposing changes in the law relating to rape is to be introduced in the coming session of Parliament. Unfortunately, the Bill falls far short of the expectations of people who are concerned about crimes against women. A discussion of the provisions of the Bill seen against the recommendations of the Law Commission.

Page 10.

WOMEN AND FILMS

The recent festival of films dealing with women's themes was a first step towards taking the image of women in cinema seriously with a view to improving the existing situation. A report on the festival.

Page 61.



EXTRA-MARITAL FRIENDSHIP

A friendship between a man and a woman need not be an affair, but society is rarely prepared to grant the benefit of the doubt especially to the woman concerned — and particularly if she is married. Can't a married woman, then, have male friends?

Page 17.

A STITCH IN TIME

Good health involves both mental and physical well-being. In India, however, there is a reluctance to recognize the need for psychological help until, very often, it is too late for anything but extreme solutions.

Page 15.

ALSO

Colour Feature: Rangoli — **Page 21** "Ships That Pass": Part I of the new suspense serial — **Page 22** Knitting: A little girl's delight — **Page 29** Creative Photography: XXII — **Page 31** Eve Today: Shobha Doctor — **Page 35** Film Interview: Anand Balraaj — **Page 42.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**27**, Comics/**33**, Fashion/**36**, People Known & Unknown/**39**, Cookery/**41**, Human Interest Story/**47**, True Confession/**51**, Passing Through/**57**, Life's A Funny Thing/**56**, Frankly Speaking/**67**, People & Events/**68**, Horoscope/**70**.

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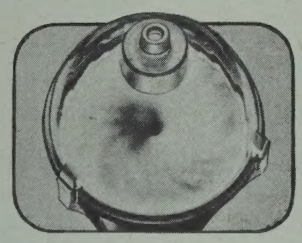
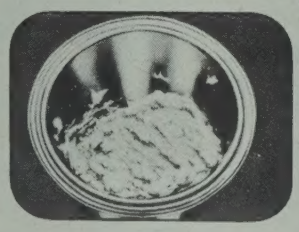
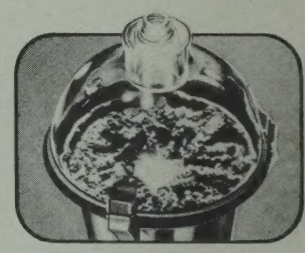


Wet grind udad dal and rice for vadas, idlis, dosas...in 3½ minutes only.

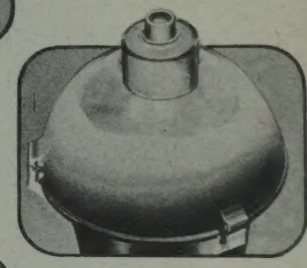
Dry grind all your masalas: red chillies, black pepper, turmeric, coriander seeds...in just 3½ minutes! Even roasted coffee beans.



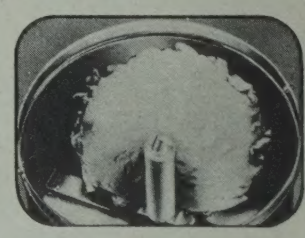
Mince meat in 1 minute. And grate carrots, onions, coconut, nuts...in seconds.



Grind coconut chutney in 2 minutes. Or simple mint/coriander chutneys in seconds.



Whip up lassi, milk shakes in just 1 minute. Or make mayonnaise in minutes. Even churn butter at home.



Knead atta in 2 minutes—for chappatis, puris, naans. Mix light-as-air cake batter in 3½ minutes.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

HIDE — AND PREJUDICE

When my son was hunting for an apartment in New York, one of the apartment complexes he called up said, "You will have to come over here to find out if we have a vacancy". "And that will give them the chance to find out if your skin is the right colour," his friend correctly remarked. Every society has its share of prejudices and one has to endure and accept it. In what way are we Indians better? How do we treat the African students who have come here to study? Recently there was a bitter outburst by these young foreigners regarding the treatment meted out to them by some of the Indian students.

Why are we so much obsessed with colour? Tea-brown, chocolate or beautiful black — let us not forget that the heart beating in these bodies is the same. To combat the prejudices and to know more about the country from which these students come, programmes about them in schools and colleges, on Radio and T.V. should be projected; about the land and the people, their mores and ways of living and the progress they have made in different spheres. Let us not forget that people in other countries still think of India as a land of elephants, snakes and rope-tricks. "Cross-cultural awareness" is very necessary if we want to get rid of narrow-mindedness and live together happily on this planet of ours.

We come in different sizes, shapes, colours and cultures. We should learn to accept and understand people of different ethnic origins and not hurt each other.

SHANTA DYUTHIKAR, Madras.

It has been painful to read about the things said and done to the African students. It was enough to make us hang our heads in shame. The Indian, with all his resentment of the colour bar at Heathrow (and elsewhere) is so riddled with prejudices of his own, it's almost laughable. Whom does he think he's kidding? He is so full of "caste and colour", it's a wonder the country is still peopled by other than the fair and the elite!

2nd PRIZE

TO KNOW, OR NOT TO KNOW

It is truly said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Man would be happier if certain things were left to destiny instead of trying to probe into the unknown. Take for instance, death. If the exact date and time of death were known, it would have created hell on earth, with tension, fear and anxiety as the hour of doom approached. The uncertainty of the time of death is, indeed, a blessing in disguise.

It has recently been reported in the press that a chemically-treated litmus paper has been discovered which enables pregnant women to find out whether they will give birth to a boy or a girl. Although many women may rejoice at this boon, the other side of the coin is not to be overlooked. There are instances of women, who have given birth to three or more girls in succession, just waiting for a son. This "discovery" may cause disappointment, frustration, and may even encourage indiscriminate abortions.

It is rightly said, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is hope which keeps the world going, despite the trials and tribulations of life. It is best, therefore, if the future is not known. At least the hope and joy of anticipation will be there till the last minute. Man's intelligence, skill and knowledge should be directed to better channels than conquering the unknown.

MISS G. HEMALATHA, Bombay

No matter what you say (and, on the face of it, we are inclined to agree with you), the time has to come when science will place before us the foreknowledge of the sex of a baby. Good? Bad? We don't know. But then, there will be other breakthroughs. Once we get to know what sex the baby's going to be, we may go on to the next step: choosing the sex of the baby. And we don't think fifteen to twenty years from now, parents are going to opt only for sons.

3rd PRIZE

SHOULD PROSTITUTION BE LEGALISED?

About a year ago, a discussion on whether prostitution should be legalised was published in Eve's Weekly, in which many prominent persons, both from India and abroad expressed their views in favour of and against the proposition.

What struck me, then, was that this matter is being discussed among, and will be decided by, persons, most of whom are not in, or concerned with, the trade itself. Hence the dispute, at present tends to be rather theoretical, distant and objective, and any decision taken or law passed on that basis may, or may not be beneficial in practice either to those directly affected by it or to society as a whole.

Would it not be a good idea, therefore, if a sizeable number of prostitutes and call-girls themselves were interviewed and asked to give their opinion on whether the legalisation of prostitution would benefit those already in the profession and whether it would help to suppress the forcible abduction and induction of young girls into immoral traffic?,

I wish some others like Dr. Promilla Kapoor, who has already interviewed several call-girls for her very interesting book, would take advantage of the familiarity and confidence established with the author, and induce these girls to give their frank opinion on this subject, as it would be of much practical and sociological value.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR, Baroda

We really don't know if the prostitutes themselves can decide. After all, we are not asking condemned persons to sit in on "Capital Punishment" seminars, are we? These things are for sociologists, doctors, lawyers and social welfare workers to decide. And yes, for readers like you who have "something to say". So, why not write in your views (250 to 300 words) and send them to us by December 1? The best letters will be published.

BLESSED RELIEF!

My friend's five-year-old son was refused admission in one of the big schools in Bombay on the grounds that his general knowledge was nil and his pronunciation was poor.

This is no fault of the child at all. It is a shame that our teachers today have such inadequate general knowledge and their English is far from good. The children only repeat what is taught to them. In fact, several times when I try to correct my son's atrocious English, he turns round and says that his 'teacher has said so and she is right'! When children have such faith in their teachers, it is only fair that the latter make some efforts to improve their knowledge and vocabulary. This, I am certain, will benefit the students.

You will not believe this. A senior lecturer in one of the leading medical colleges in Bombay, wrote a note to her male colleague to take over duty from her, in these horrifying words: "Please come and relieve on me at 10 a.m." Unbelievable yet true!

JYOTI LAJMI, Bombay.

We believe you, we believe you. The state of education is in a worse mess than this lady teacher would be in, if her male colleague took her at her word!

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

PARENTS AND DAUGHTERS

The article, "Once a girl is married off" by Alpana Chowdhury (Sept. 13), is an eye-opener. I have seen many instances where a small gift given by the daughter to her parents is viewed with a certain suspicion and dislike. Even if the parents are in dire need of finances and even if she herself is working, she is not expected to help them. A married daughter is expected to keep a certain distance with her parents and other relatives.

It is up to modern girls to persuade their parents as well as their in-laws to abolish the various customs which tend to foment a strained relationship with their parents and to make them realize that there is no reason why their relationships with their parents should be any different after they are married.

RADHA MONY.

ABOLISH KANYADAN

Your article, "Once a girl is married off" by Alpana Chowdhury (Sept. 13), was thought-provoking and heart-stirring. Certain recent laws might uphold the daughter's right to her father's property, but, for all practical purposes, once she is given away in marriage, the twenty-year-plus relationship changes. The heart-breaking and tear-jerking tradition of bidding farewell to the daughter is a common scene in the South.

K. S. RAMAN, New Delhi.

MORAL CODE

Amita Sarwal's article, "The Second Wife" (Sept. 27), was very interesting. The case histories given were of two categories — women as second wives to widowers, and women as second wives to married men whose first wives are alive and well. It is mostly in the second group that problems crop up for all the three people concerned (and the children, if any) — not denying the problems which do arise in the first case too.

Human beings have a social and moral code — evolved by themselves. A husband and wife live in faith and trust and if either one of them should betray this trust, it will create frustration, jealousy, unhappiness, hurt and depression for the wounded party. Naturally, if a third person is party to breaking the bond between a husband and wife, she or he would have committed a grievous fault. Is it right for any educated or intelligent person to behave in such a manner?

AMIRTHA BESANT RAJ, Madras.

BACK-LASH

News of atrocities perpetrated on women have been flooding our newspapers everyday. While reading about these incidents, I was wondering to myself if this increased incidence of violence against women would in the long run harm the cause of women's emancipation. It looks as if this presumption is not too far-fetched.

In the article, "Revisiting Baghpat," by Neerja Chowdhury (Sept. 20), the writer mentions that many parents in the neighbouring villages have taken their daughters out of school after the Baghpat episode. This is a very natural reaction. If the protectors of law and order fail to curb these incidents, a feeling of insecurity will creep in among the people and more and more girls will be forced to stay at home. This will lead to a fall in education and a consequent lack of awareness of their rights and privileges. And it is particularly among rural women that education has to make inroads. Hence the fast deteriorating law and order situation should be checked with an iron hand. Such incidents should not become issues merely for politicians to exploit. Since they have such far-reaching repercussions, the government should make a concerted effort to restore the sense of security which people are fast losing.

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF NOV. 15, 1980

WOMEN AND POWER

Why are men so threatened by women's liberation? To be liberated is to have power over oneself, over one's own life. The problem, therefore, is with the word 'power.' An analysis of how power is used by men and women.

IN AND AROUND DELHI

There is a certain arrogance about capitals, and Delhi is no exception. The Gantzers, seasoned travel writers, provide you with a guide to a fun holiday in and around the capital.

THE KARMA EXPERIMENT

Emancipation of women was not the initial priority of this rural development project. But soon the organisers began to see that women were the harbingers of change in the home as well as in the community.

EGGING 'EM ON

A cookery feature specially for eggetarians!

Plus all our regular features.

A TIME TO ACT...

The coming session of Parliament (Nov. 17—Dec. 19, 1980) is an important one to follow for all those interested in women's issues and legal reform.

The national campaign for reform of the law relating to rape launched by women all over the country at the beginning of this year in reaction to the Supreme Court's decision in favour of the accused in the now famous Mathura case (actually Tukaram vs. State of Maharashtra) led to the appointment of a Law Commission to suggest amendments in the law. Several months after the Law Commission submitted its recommendations, a Bill, which will be taken up in the winter session of the Lok Sabha, was formulated by the Government.

The Law Commission's recommendations had brought hope to everyone who had been working towards highlighting the issue of rape and the need for serious legal as well as social reforms in this area. The proposed Bill, on the other hand, has been a big disappointment.

The Lawyers' Collective, Bombay, an organisation of lawyers and law students committed to working for basic changes in the social and political structure of society, has brougnt out a pamphlet in which they have commented on the recommendations of the Law Commission and contrasted them with the provisions of the Bill. This commentary is excerpted here so that readers can judge for themselves whether the Bill fulfills the demands of the women's movement or not, and can take the necessary steps to persuade their representatives in Parliament to consider the Bill in the context of the urgent need for the improvement of the condition of women in this country.

THE DEFINITION OF RAPE

The **question of consent** is the cardinal element in the definition of rape as an offence. **The Bill has by and large accepted the Law Commission's (L.C.) recommendation that consent will have to be free and voluntary.** Passive submission, therefore, is **not tantamount to consent.**

As the law stands, if consent is obtained by putting the woman in fear of death or hurt then it is no consent. **It is now proposed that consent will also be negated if it is obtained by putting the woman in fear of injury, either to body, mind, reputation or property. The L.C. had recommended that putting the woman in fear of death, hurt or injury of a third party should also vitiate (negate) consent,** and it proposed a **special provision** to that effect. However the **Bill covers this under the clause dealing with criminal intimidation so that consent obtained through criminal intimidation will be no consent.** Criminal intimidation refers to putting the victim in fear of injury or danger either to herself or to a third party who may be involved.

Consent is also vitiated if the woman is of unsound mind; if she is intoxicated because she has been given some substance so that she does not understand the consequences of giving her consent; if she is unable to offer effective resistance; if it is given under a misconception of fact when the man knows or has reason to believe that consent is given because of that misconception.

Under the present law the statutory age for lawful sexual intercourse is sixteen, unless the woman happened to be the man's wife, in which case the critical age is fifteen. In other words, if a man has sexual intercourse with anyone who is below the age of sixteen (fifteen in case she is his wife) he automatically commits rape, and the question of consent is irrelevant. **The L.C. had recommended that in both the cases the age of consent should be moved upto eighteen years,** the argument being that since the age of consent for marriage has been progressively raised so that it is now eighteen, the age of consent to sexual intercourse should also be raised to the same age. However, **the Government has rejected this** and maintained the status quo.

Again, as the law stands a man cannot be said to commit rape on his wife (unless he is below the age of fifteen). In addition, even if the woman is separated from her husband, to all intents and purposes she remains his wife and sexual intercourse by the husband without her consent does not amount to rape. In this context, **the L.C. had proposed that a woman who is living separately from her husband either under a decree of judicial separation or as a result of a mutual agreement, should not be considered his wife when it comes to determining whether rape has been committed or not. The Government has accepted this argument only in part.** Thus she will be considered separated and not his wife for the purpose of determining whether rape has been committed by the separated spouse **only if she has obtained a decree of judicial separation. Mutual agreement will, therefore, not suffice.**

As for the contention that overt violence should not be an important criterion in a rape offence, the L.C. hoped that this would be met by providing for 'free and voluntary' consent, implying **active** consent.

PUNISHMENT FOR RAPE

Under the present law, the rapist is liable to imprisonment for life or for ten years (either simple or rigorous) and is also liable to a fine. This is also the case in marital rape. No minimum term of Imprisonment is prescribed. **The L.C. was also opposed to the idea of minimum imprisonment because the idea of a minimum term goes against the whole concept of reformist penology which is today universally in vogue.** Like the L.C., the Lawyers' Collective also supports this viewpoint. **We do not believe a compulsory minimum of imprisonment is in any way going to lower the incidence of rape, the roots of which are undoubtedly social.** When the accused is proved guilty, social censure is itself a deterrent. **We would also argue that the minimum of seven years' imprisonment is too high for the following reason. Such a high minimum sentence is likely to operate like a Damocles sword over the judge, making him more anxious to acquit the accused by latching on to what 'evidence' there is that could be used against the prosecution — e.g. the general 'immoral' character of the woman. Under the circumstances, therefore, we would strongly argue for rejecting the amendment that stipulates any minimum sentence.**

The L.C. was of the view that any male in a position of authority or custodial control over a woman should not be able to abuse that authority in order to have sexual intercourse with a woman who would otherwise refuse. According to the L.C. recommendation, if a public servant in a trusted position vis-a-vis the woman should misuse his authority to have sexual intercourse with her, this should auto-

matically be punishable. Thus a public servant or a staff member of a children's or women's institution who compels or seduces a woman over whom he has authority, or if a staff member of a hospital has sexual intercourse with a woman patient who is receiving treatment, then the staff member or the public servant should both be liable to imprisonment for up to two years or fine or both. In these cases the question of consent would be irrelevant. **The Government in the proposed Bill has accepted the idea and has gone further and proposed that public servants etc. should be given enhanced minimum punishment in cases where public servants have committed rape.** In other words, the minimum is raised from seven years in ordinary cases of rape to ten years in cases where public servants etc. are involved. And **in cases of sexual intercourse not amounting to rape by public servants etc. upto five years imprisonment is proposed.**

ARREST AND INVESTIGATION

The L.C. recognised that a woman when in a police station feels insecure and is always worried that the police might hurt, harass and even rape her. The very fact that the feeling exists is, in itself, a sad commentary on the lack of trust towards the police.

In this context the L.C., in its recommendations, had provided positive safeguards in favour of women.

It has been a common complaint of women's organisations that police refuse to record a complaint in cases where a cognisable offence is reported. The L. C. had recommended that non-recording should become a substantive offence attracting a penalty of imprisonment of upto one year or fine or both.

Sec. 46 of the Criminal Procedure Code (Cr. P.C.) allows the police officer to touch the person of a woman who is being arrested if she does not submit. **The L.C. had proposed an amendment allowing for submission to be presumed when told of her arrest. In other words, there would be no need for the police officer to touch the woman in order to arrest her unless it was quite clear that the woman would not submit. A woman police officer could touch the person of the woman being arrested. The Government, however, has rejected this proposal also.**

The L.C. had also proposed by addition of Sec. 46 (4) to the Cr. P.C. **that no woman should be arrested between sunset and sunrise.** But he would have to make a written report and obtain the permission of a superior officer before doing so. **In the case of extreme urgency, prior permission could be dispensed with but the written report to the superior officer would have to be made immediately after the arrest. This would have to record the reasons for not taking prior permission. The Government has not seen fit to include this recommendation in the Bill either.**

The L.C. had also recommended that once a woman had been arrested, she should not be detained in a police station but should be kept in a women's detention centre. If there were no women's detention centres, then she could be kept in a women's or children's institution meant for their protection and welfare. This procedure would not need to be adhered to if the woman had been charged with an offence under a law which requires her to be sent to a protective home. **Again this recommendation has not been accepted by the Government.**

The L.C. had reacted favourably to the suggestion that a male relative should be allowed to stay close to the woman in the lock-up, although for practical reasons it did not like this to be given statutory effect. Needless to say, the Government rejected this recommendation also.

In cases where a police officer is the accused, the L.C. had commended (not recommended) that the investigation should be carried out by a police officer from another district. In the opinion of the Lawyers' Collective, this is not adequate. Things will remain the same as they are now. **Since offences committed by the Police are not an insubstantial part of the total, the failure of the L.C. to recommend serious alternatives is disturbing. There is a crying need for an independent agency to investigate cases where police officers happen to be the accused. In this context the L.C.'s failure to recommend this is a grave defect which should be corrected. The Government has also not given thought to the problem.**

INTERROGATION

Although the L.C. was in favour of interrogation of women by women police officers it did not consider this practicable because of the dearth of women police officers in the rural areas. However, it stated that in the urban areas the practice should be adopted as soon as possible. It is not known whether the Government has considered this proposal favourably or not, for there is no mention of it in the Bill.

In the case of victims of sexual offences who are under the age of twelve, the L.C. preferred a statutory provision insisting on interrogation by women police officers. Should a woman police officer not be available, the interrogation should be conducted by a qualified woman (a social worker belonging to a recognised social organisation). In this case a list of questions could be provided by a police officer and the statement recorded by the woman social worker. The Government has not incoporated this recommendation into the Bill.

Sec. 160 (i) of the Cr. P.C. provides that a female or a male below the age of fifteen should be interrogated at their place of 'residence.' However. since 'residence' seems to have assumed a very wide meaning, the L.C. had recommended the substitute, 'dwelling place,' for residence.

The L.C. also recommended that a male under the age of fifteen, or a woman, should be allowed to have a male relative, friend, or a female social worker from a recognised women's organisation to be present during an interrogation by a male police officer. This has also been rejected by the Government.

In addition, according to the L.C.'s recommendations, any violation of procedure relating to investigation by a police officer would attract a penalty under the new section 166 (A) of the I.P.C. (recommended by the L.C.) of imprisonment upto a year or a fine or both. Again, the Government has rejected this recommendation.

MEDICAL REPORT

It is well known that for sexual intercourse to be established the medical report is quite crucial. The L.C. had argued that for the medical report to be of any real use it should include the medical history of both the victim and the accused.

Sec. 53 of the Cr.P.C. provides for the medical examination of the accused. In practice, however, this tends to be cursory. **The L.C. had, therefore, recommended that apart from the usual formal particulars, it should include the age of the accused, the injuries to the body of the accused and any other relevant details. The precise timings of the commencement and the termination of the examination should also be noted. The conclusions arrived at by the doctor should be adequately supported by reasons. The report should then be sent promptly to the Magistrate.**

The medical report of the victim also tends to be cursory. The L.C. had admitted that since it is not sent promptly to the Magistrate there was always the possibility of tampering. It recommended that the report, therefore, should be sent promptly to the investigating officer, who should in turn send it to the Magistrate. **It should include, apart from the usual formalities, the age of the victim, injuries to the body, the general mental condition of the victim, whether or not she was used to sexual intercourse, the time of commencement and termination of the medical examination, and the reasons for the conclusions reached.**

The L.C. had recommended that the above procedure should not be left as executive instructions but should be incorporated into the statute. The Government has not accepted the view of the L.C.

In any case, it is difficult to understand why the medical examination should record whether the rape victim was used to sexual intercourse or not. The L.C. had itself recommended that the sexual history of the victim in general should not be brought on to the record in a trial concerning rape. Thus one cannot help concluding that there is an inconsistency in the two suggestions. This has to be straightened out.

The medical examination would, of course, be conducted by a registered medical practitioner. **In the case of the examination of the rape victim, the L.C. had recommended that it should take place after consent had been obtained from the victim or from somebody on her behalf. If the consent had not been obtained, the medical examination itself would be unlawful. The Government has not accepted this recommendation either.**

Under Sec. 53 (2) of the Cr. P.C. a woman has to be examined by a female medical practitioner. However, since that is the usual practice, the L.C. did not consider that any additional statutory protection was needed. We would recommend that an addition to Sec. 53 (2) should be made to allow the victim to be examined by a registered medical practitioner **of her choice.**

PROCEDURE FOR THE TRIAL

Public and open trials are meant to ensure justice. Secrecy,

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CHAITRA-SS-1

A TIME TO ACT. . .

it is argued, invites abuse. However, **the L.C. had argued that an open trial is not necessarily the best form in cases of rape and allied offences and that such cases should be held in camera. With this procedure, the L.C. argued, both the victim and the accused would be protected against the stigma that is likely to be attached to them.**

While the L.C. had recommended that the judge should have the discretion to decide whether the trial should be held in camera or not (giving reasons if it was not going to be held in camera), the Bill makes it compulsory for trials of rape and allied offences to be held in camera. The Bill also accepts that publication of proceedings during the trial stage should only be done with the permission of the Court. But, whereas the L.C. recommended a penalty of a fine of upto one thousand rupees for such publication, the Bill has proposed a penalty of a minimum imprisonment of one month extending upto two years.

In the pre-trial stage, the L.C. did not consider that, in this respect, any amendments needed to be made to the present law. Although it was generally opposed to publicity being given to the victim or the accused at the pre-trial stage, it was of the opinion that the professional ethics of journalists would act as a reasonable restraint. **Again, at the post-trial stage it was not opposed to publicity being given to the case although it thought, given the prevalence of reformative penology in India, that it should be discouraged.**

The Government has, however, cast aside this cautious approach of the L.C. and in both the pre-trial and post-trials stages, it has proposed that whosoever prints or publishes any matter which may make known the identity of the victim of any of the sexual offences, shall be liable for a minimum imprisonment of one month extending upto two years and which may include a fine. Moreover, this offence could be tried summarily.

According to the Lawyers' Collective, the provision smacks of press censorship, to say the least. Today it may be confined to rape, but this dangerous principle may tomorrow be applied to "communal incidents" and, who knows, even anti-price-rise movements. No doubt the press is not always motivated by the best of intentions, controlled as it is by a minority elite. Accepted also that sensationalism has become the stock-in-trade of a section of the press. But it would be foolish to deny or even minimize the role the press has played in highlighting the issue of rape.

Moreover, the expression "publishing any matter which may make known the identity of the victim" can cover any number of situations. Women and social organisations which seek to highlight atrocities on women can be prevented from publishing handbills, posters, reporting to the press etc. — all of which are the essential methods for raising the issue. It is advisable that this amendment be rejected. The disadvantages of introducing censorship of this kind outweigh whatever little advantage might be gained from it.

EVIDENCE

The L.C. recognised the difficulties which the rape victim faces in bringing the accused to book — viz. firstly convincing the police to register a complaint, then undergoing the humiliating medical examination, and finally going through the embarrassing cross-examination in the Court.

The general rule about complaints — viz. that delay in lodging the complaint with the police would cast doubt on the story of the victim, while promptness on her part would lend credibility, had been supported by the L.C. As noted earlier, **the L.C. had recommended that the non-recording of complaints should attract a penalty. This recommendation was not accepted by the Government.**

The L.C. has also noted that the prosecution in a rape case must prove lack of consent by the victim, although this is precisely what is difficult to do given the type of crime rape is. The L.C. pointed out that one of the major reasons why it is difficult for the woman to prove rape is that allegations and the evidence of the victim is not given sufficient credibility by the court. Therefore the trend has been for the Courts to rely on indirect evidence such as marks of violence **or resistance, in this context the L.C. had recommended that once sexual intercourse is proved and the woman states in her evidence in Court that it was without her consent, then the Court will presume that she did not consent.**

Considerable controversy has been generated over this particular recommendation of the L.C.

Continued on page 19

There is no difference between being raped
and being pushed down a flight of cement steps
except that the wounds also bleed inside.

There is no difference between being raped
and being run over by a truck
except that afterward men ask if you enjoyed it.

There is no difference between being raped
and being bit on the ankle by a rattlesnake
except that people ask if your skirt was short
and why were you out alone anyhow.

There is no difference between being raped
and going headfirst through a windshield
except that afterward you are afraid
not of cars
but half the human race.

The rapist is your boyfriend's brother.
He sits beside you in the movies eating popcorn.
Rape fattens on the fantasies of the normal male
like a maggot in garbage.

Fear of rape is a cold wind blowing
all of the time on a woman's hunched back.
Never to stroll alone on a sand road through pine
woods,
never to climb a trail across a bald
without that aluminium in the mouth
when I see a man climbing toward me.

Never to open the door to a knock
without that razor just grazing the throat
The fear of the dark side of hedges,
the back seat of the car, the empty house
rattling keys like a snake's warning.
The fear of the smiling man
in whose pocket is a knife.
The fear of the serious man
in whose fist is locked hatred.

All it takes to cast a rapist to be able to see your
body
as jackhammer, as blowtorch, as adding-machine-
gun.
All it takes is hating that body
your own, your self, your muscle that softens to flab.

All it takes is to push what you hate,
what you fear onto the soft alien flesh
To bucket out invincible as a tank
armoured with treads without senses
to possess and punish in one act,
to rip up pleasure, to murder those who dare
live in the leafy flesh open to love.

Reproduced in the book, **"The Women Say, The Men Say"** by Evelyn Shapiro and Barry M. Shapiro (Delta, U.S.A.) from **Living In The Open,** by Marge Piercy. Suggested for publishing by Javed Anand.

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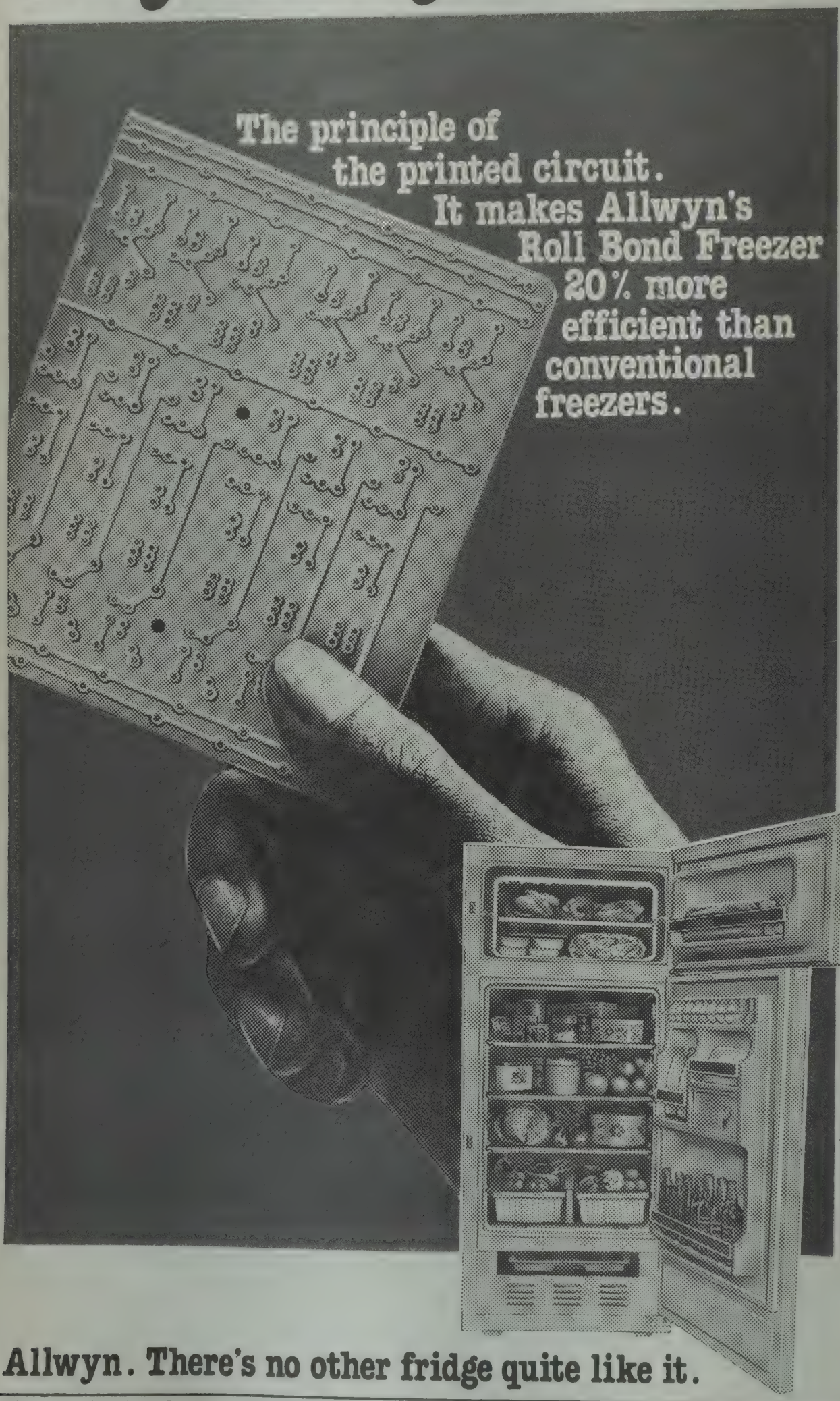

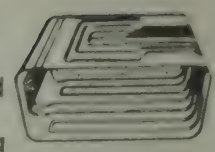

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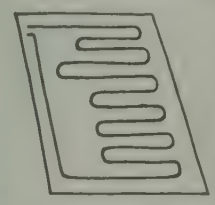

together. Both sheets have the cooling circuit printed on the surface and they are bonded together with the printed circuit alone left unbonded. Compressed air is then passed along this circuit so that it inflates out to form a passage, into which Freon gas can later be filled and sealed.

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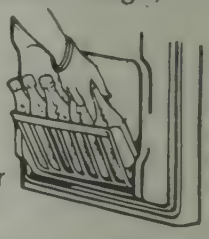

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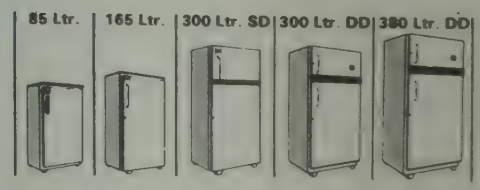

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Sista's/HA/57/80

A STITCH IN TIME...

does save nine, and the old adage holds true in health care too. Since good health implies mental as well as physical well-being, it is time old prejudices against psychological help were abandoned and timely counsel sought

K. Nischol and Akash Bajaj

A survey conducted by the AIMS, Delhi, revealed that every third family in our country has at least one person who is mentally disturbed or emotionally unbalanced to the extent that psychiatric help is necessary. Despite this and the other statistics showing the widespread incidence of mental illness, few people take advantage of the mental health services available. This is perhaps because of two reasons — firstly, psychiatry is a relatively new science and what is unfamiliar is usually suspect, and secondly, the unwillingness to avail of the few mental health facilities in Delhi stems from the erroneous feeling that to avail of such facilities is to admit mental disorder, which is by and large still considered synonymous with insanity.

As a result, even the educated and knowledgeable shy away from psychiatric assistance for fear of rejection and ridicule. So the symptoms are either ignored or explained away as eccentricities or, if they cause embarrassment, the victim is hidden from visitors. Only when the situation goes beyond control is assistance sought and that surreptitiously, fearful of social stigma.

The parents of Miss X took several years to realise that their daughter's abnormal behaviour needed professional help. Her fits of depression stemming from an unhappy love affair were dismissed at first as a temporary phase caused by emotional upheaval. But when the fits became more frequent and intense, the family sought solution in early marriage. Failing to find a suitable match, the parents consulted all and sundry with the exception of psychotherapists. But allopathic drugs, ayurvedic herbs and tantric rituals all failed to give results and the young woman's behaviour became unbearable. She began to shed her clothes and run naked on the streets, urinate indiscriminately all over the house and scream obscenities at her mother, threatening even to kill her; in fact, she showed all the symptoms of lunacy. It was then that they rushed her to a professional. Little could be done at this stage except to get the girl institutionalised.

Some others, expert at rationalization, tend to find reasonable explanations for abhorrent behaviour by falling back on genetics — "It runs in the family," they say. "His father is also very hot tempered," said one mother about the violent temper tantrums and destructive tendencies of her teenage son. Only when the son developed both suicidal and homicidal tendencies did the mother overcome her unwillingness to seek psychiatric help.

Whereas parents and/or relatives disregard the need for professional help for fear of social stigma, very often the deviant individual refuses to acknowledge his own abnormality. The early signs of behavioural deviation are disregarded as in the case of Mr. X, working in a commercial firm. He began to take a drink every evening. Soon he was overstepping the boundary between social drinking and compulsive drinking. Mrs. X, a smart and educated woman, suggested that he consult a professional to help him overcome his compulsion to drink. Horrified at the thought of being sent to a psychotherapist, he exclaimed, "Why? Do you think I'm an alcoholic?" Two years later he lost his job because he was.

It would be unrealistic to assert that psychological help can work overnight miracles like cortisone-based drugs. Expecting personal/familial difficulties to be solved overnight, people become disheartened and then return when it is too late.

Mr. Y and his wife were unhappy. They fought constantly, finding fault with each other. Thinking in terms of a divorce, Mr. Y consulted a lawyer, who referred him to a marriage counselling clinic. There, after a few sessions, they discovered that the root of their misery lay in their sexual relationship. Mrs. Y had never experienced an orgasm in three years of marriage, but was too shy to tell her husband. Mr. Y confessed sheepishly that he was "inexperienced in these matters" and unsure of "how to satisfy a woman." But unfortunately the couple expected their relationship to become perfect immediately. Then, finding that they still had difficulty in relating to each other, they stopped visiting the counsellor. Gradually the situation deteriorated until there was a communication breakdown and ultimately divorce was their only solution.

The discipline of psychology is still in relative infancy, and no professional can guarantee hundred per cent success. Nevertheless, people need to understand that "a stitch in time saves nine." In the first instance, their confusion regarding abnormal behaviour needs to be cleared. There is no clear cut line of demarcation between "normal" and "abnormal." Mental health is a continuum of behaviour. At one end are the severely disturbed who require hospitalisation and intensive care. At the other end is the myth of optimal adjustment. The majority of people are at some point on this continuum, living seemingly normal lives at various levels of psychological functioning.

Occasionally, they may be painfully shy, or fearful and anxious, they may feel inadequate, worthless, a burden to themselves and others; they may be rigid and intolerant of others or excessively self-centred or overdependent and immature. Cracks begin to appear when their coping mechanism breaks down and they find themselves unable to handle the demands of life. Ultimately, these occasional lapses become a frequent occurrence and a part of their personality. Compelled to behave the way they do, such people feel their actions are normal whereas the stage for psychological help has long been reached. It is for their friends and relatives to seek assistance at the proper time so that they can be helped to overcome their psychological problems.

Such assistance does not lie in the "swalllowing of a pill" or advice "thrust down one's throat." In fact, it presupposes the willingness of the client to participate in the therapy actively, while at the same time desiring to live a productive and healthy life. The role of the psychologist is to listen and to guide clients to the root causes of their problems and to help them find solutions to those problems, not to offer simplistic advice.

Increasingly becoming more and more aware of themselves and viewing their lives in the proper perspective, they develop the ability to change the pattern of their lives through their own efforts. Little can be done in situations like that of Mrs. M. She told the therapist, "My husband is depressed all the time and has attempted suicide twice. He refuses to go to any doctor or therapist. Please help me. I will give you all the details about him and whatever advice you give I shall convey to him. This is the only way his treatment can begin and continued until he recovers." Then there was the illiterate woman whose husband had left her for another girl. So she wanted the therapist to give her an amulet whereby her husband would return to her!

Most psychological problems are complicated further by social mores and legal loopholes. For example, Mrs. B opted for divorce a year after her marriage to escape the excessive brutality of her husband. The divorce

Continued on page 55

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"JUST FRIENDS"

Can a married woman acquire male friends without raising a storm in the domestic tea cup? The sexual pre-occupations of a hitherto largely segregated society sees naughtiness in any affectionate relationship between men and women. JYOTI JAFA meets a few wives to gauge their reactions

Now that a woman's orbit spans space beyond the home. she is constantly colliding with the opposite sex at work or play. But tradition bound Indian society is still not geared to cope with this trend towards married women acquiring male friends. The pros and cons of such friendships have raised so many storms in so many domestic tea cups that I found the issue well worth pursuing.

A few facts and some interesting opinions emerged. Some women seemed embarrassed by my questions, but most of them admitted that they knew lots of other men. A few declared that they simply avoided friendship with menfolk and didn't want to get involved in potentially dangerous situations. When I pointed out that friendship has many facets, and need not involve any physical contact, let alone a sexual relationship they argued that most often it's the **men** who are not prepared to play the game. "They are constantly speculating and manipulating. Men like to believe that every woman who acts friendly is simply waiting to be persuaded into bed," insisted Mrs. Sonia Kapoor who runs her own advertizing agency in Bombay.

COMMON SOCIAL CIRCLE

Parveen Yadav is an artistic young wife with several shows to her credit. Her view is that there are as many roving women in the world as there are roving men though the fact is not generally recognized. "Pre-marital and extra-marital sex cannot, in my opinion, be condoned, but women's liberation is more likely to lead to men's lib than mass castration!" I hastened to explain that we weren't discussing out and out love affairs, but the other thing — straightforward friendships with no strings attached. "I have one inflexible rule. The day a man I'm fond of creates disharmony in my otherwise happy home — or let's put it this way — the day my dear hubby starts exhibiting symptoms of jealousy towards any particular friend, I drop him like a hot potatoe. The idea is to form a circle of common friends, not to generate tensions." Amused by my reaction, Parveen added, "Now don't think I'm a goody goody sort. Just a responsible wife and mother."

The battle for greater frankness has begun in our country, but most women haven't yet resolved their inner conflicts. Somewhere at the back of their minds they think that male friendships will erode their secure marital base. The women whom I found apprehensive and apologetic were those from strictly conservative backgrounds or those dependent on their husbands. On the other hand, successful and independent career women were much more forthright about their right to choose their own friends — male or female.

BREAKING DOWN BARRIERS

Mrs. Mulgaokar trained abroad as a psychiatrist and then joined a Bangalore based welfare organization. She feels that journalism can be an effective force in exposing the sheer sham of the traditional female image, and help break down barriers which prevent normally healthy young women from leading more fulfilling lives. Referring to examples from the Indian classics, she said, "We must rediscover the old social skills, become friends, and reach out to each other. Even the happiest marriage can only be enriched by the partners' ability to mix with other people, since no two persons can ever hope to fulfil each other's needs completely." Talking of her own marriage, she continued, "We operate on a reciprocal basis. Of course there are women Shankar knows whom I find terribly insipid, and men I like whom he finds boring. But on the whole we accept each other's friends and enjoy them, too. For instance now I'm very fond of swimming and dancing. My husband plays the guitar rather well and is addicted to billiards. He's got the most delightful girl in our neighbourhood to accompany him on the piano. They practise for hours and we invariably end up having an impromptu jam session. I swim to my heart's content with my friends at the local club, while he enjoys a game of billiards. There are no hard feelings or green eyed monsters lurking in our home."

It comes rather as a shock to meet a lady who looks like a butterfly but stings like a bee. The Minister Saheba exudes an aura of unhurried efficiency. She's impeccably groomed, and very feminine. She is, of course, totally single minded. "The great urban social revolution **has** happened. Women **are** demolishing barriers everywhere and taking chances where earlier they used to meekly accept relegation to the kitchen. No one pretends that the changes are coming without struggle or uniformly. In the past it was simply not done to call **any** man your friend. Even today, the barriers have not been broken except in big cities and specially in the higher income brackets. My closest friends are men I've known for ages, some of my husband's close colleagues and one or two gentlemen who were extremely understanding and helpful when I first entered politics. Over the years I've learnt to avoid men who enjoy manipulating women for their own ego kicks." On closer acquaintance I discovered that her friends are achievement oriented men with great charm and vitality, who don't envy her position or feel threatened by it. She candidly confesses that befriending her is often an expensive and exhausting business.

Rehana Sultan admits she was a spoilt brat and enjoys male company, because she was the only girl in a family of five brothers. You wouldn't associate her elfin charm, little girl voice, and teenage figure with twin motherhood, excellent housekeeping, and a promising diplomatic career. Job tensions and a demanding home life make her seek privacy in solitary pursuits like reading and painting. And men friends, she finds, are much more accommodating, far less intrusive, less prone to judge and ever ready to provide a shoulder, a life saving drink, professional advice or protection as and when most required.

THE DIVIDING LINE

Marriage seems to imply above all fidelity and tedium. As I delved deeper into the subject. it became clear that there were plenty of bored housewives looking for a little harmless diversion. "Women with sensational good looks and appealing mannerisms are not necessarily nymphomaniacs," one indignant lady I've known from childhood said. She's both beautiful and benevolent. She also happens to be a delightfully competent grandma. Her tycoon-type husband travels a lot, and she has acquired a regular string of cicisbeos in true Regency style! They are old faithfuls, artistic hangers-on, and young friends of her one and only son. Everyone seems only too willing to escort her around town, play a lively game of tennis with her, or partner her at marathon bridge sessions at Bombay's exclusive Willingdon club. No wonder. For she's a warm, thoughtful person who shows a mature interest in other people, bouys up the spirits of every one she meets, and is well known for her outrageous sense of fun.

Will you meet these staggering expenses?

Think about your children. You may honestly want them to have the very best in life. But chances are, you may not be able to afford it. Because living, no matter how routine, has become quite expensive these days. And financial pressures can actually rob your children of their happiness.

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A TIME TO ACT. . .

Continued from page 13

The newspapers in particular have been guilty of distorting the implications of this recommendation. **It has been made out to look as if this would shift the general burden of proof to the accused — negating the fundamental principle of presumption of innocence. The accused, it is argued, will have to prove his innocence and in consequence will even have to step into the witness box.**

There are two aspects to what is generally referred to as 'burden of proof.' On the one hand there is what is called **the burden of proof as regards pleadings.** On the other, there is what is called **the burden of proof as regards admissibility of evidence.** The latter is sometimes called **evidential burden.** While the former is clearly linked up with the principle of presumption of innocence, the latter is linked to a fact or issue (there may be more than one) which is in dispute in a trial. With regard to one fact or issue, the burden of proof may be on the prosecution and with regard to another fact or issue it may be on the accused. In respect of a particular fact or issue, the burden of proof may be discharged by one party and shifted on to the other by admitting evidence in favour of the first party. In other words, **evidential burden keeps shifting according to the evidence presented.** Burden of proof with regard to pleadings, however, never shifts — i.e. the accused is at all times presumed innocent until otherwise proved guilty. Even if the proposed recommendations were introduced, the prosecution would still have to prove beyond reasonable doubt that the accused was guilty of rape.

The Bill has not accepted the recommendation as it stands. It has proposed instead that in all cases of alleged rape where the accused is a police officer, public servant, superintendent or manager of a jail etc., or staff member of a hospital; or in the case of gang rape; or when the woman is pregnant and sexual intercourse has been proved and the woman makes a statement that she did not consent, then the court shall presume that the victim did not consent.

PAST SEXUAL HISTORY

The past sexual history of the woman in a rape case may refer to sexual relations either with the accused or with a third party. As far as past sexual history with the accused is concerned, as the law stands today it is admissible as evidence under Sec. 8, Sec. 9, Sec. 11, and Sec. 14, of the Evidence Act. Sec. 155, (4) allows the accused to give evidence on the general 'immoral character' of the victim.

Women's organisations have argued quite effectively that the past sexual history of the woman should not be brought on record. The L.C. had agreed to this suggestion, arguing that even the sexual history of a prostitute should not be brought on record. It therefore recommended that past sexual history, apart from that with the accused, should be excluded from evidence. Unfortunately the government has not accepted this recommendation. This is a grave defect of the Bill, smacking of a sexist bias. It assumes that if a woman consents to having sexual intercourse with A, B, and C, she will probably consent to hav-having sexual intercourse with D. This implicit bias denies that women have basic freedom of choice and suggests that they are sexual machines. **The Bill also tries to impose a certain sexual morality.** A woman who is not inhibited would be seen by the proponents of the Bill as 'immoral.' There is no justification for this. According to the Lawyers' Collective, the proponents of the Bill would be well-advised to keep moralising a private occupation and perhaps apply it to themselves in the first instance. In any case, **it is difficult to understand why double standards are being allowed to prevail. In the case of a male victim of a sexual offence the general 'immoral' character of the victim is not admissible as evidence.** The sooner we adopt a uniform approach the **better. The Lawyers' Collective therefore strongly urges that the L.C. recommendations be accepted.**

"JUST FRIENDS"

A hard working hotel executive, attractive Sharleen makes friends easily. I found her poised, gregarious, and extremely well informed. But there is a clearly drawn dividing line which she won't cross. She resents the general "Anglo Indian girl" image, for which she holds John Masters and the Bombay films responsible. "Once you start messing around with other men, your marriage can't survive. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but divorce is not my idea of being liberated. I see too many society women and high class tarts sitting all by themselves in hotel lounges and restaurants, trying to pick up human relationships. It's really pathetic. Besides, couples are safer and far more fun. Don't you agree?" I nodded. "Right from the beginning you've got to establish the fact that your availability is nil, but you're perfectly prepared for a civilized friendship. One must learn to recognize and steer clear of propositions; but it's rather absurd to go through life fearing assaults on your virtue. Over the years I've found some extremely likeable men who are simply looking for relationships which don't tax **their** home life or pockets!"

"Looking back at my friendships with the opposite sex," said an up and coming writer, "most of them were with men I fancied. And as the attraction faded, so did the friendships. Now one of my closest pals is a South Indian guy I wouldn't even dream of holding hands with! But intellectually we vibe on the same wave length. Personally, I enjoy some very meaningful relationships with a few older men. Their consideration and ability to handle tricky situations completely bowled me over. Let's face it, there's a difference between the emotional and the physical, but who wants a purely platonic relationship, whatever that is? The problem is quite different. I find that some wives accept you but others resent you even if great care is taken not to give undue offence. Their hostility feeds on fear and bigotry; and anyone who is sensitive begins avoiding such wives. The usual dodge that many of us use is to meet our friends in public places like cinema halls, clubs, restaurants, social gatherings, etc. and to keep away from possessive wives."

"Doesn't this lead to complications and ill will?" I asked.

"Oh yes, and scandals too. But until everyone moving in today's open society accepts the fact that men and women can, and do, interact without developing romantic attachments or sneaking off to indulge in physical passions, such situations will continue to exist."

"There's a need for self-discipline and social poise, otherwise one can't handle men friends," stated Kiran, the smart second wife of an Army officer. "There are long separations, a ghetto atmosphere about most cantonements; and couples are increasingly thrown together on Mess nights and at Regimental functions. The Army imposes its own living patterns on officers' families, and usually a healthy give and take relationship develops between senior ladies and unmarried youngsters. But friendships are rare, and have to be carefully nurtured in the glass bowl atmosphere of a Battalion Headquarters. Now all my male friends belong to the horsey set."

I've often seen Kiran stealing the show at the Calcutta Turf Club. She delighted me by confiding, "Of course, my husband is very understanding and I've worked out my own formula for projecting a rather formidable image. But really speaking compromising positions are hard to achieve on horseback!"

The sexual preoccupations of a hitherto largely segregated society sees naughtiness in any affectionate relationship between men and women. Open display or declarations of affection only turn an already strong suspicion into a dead cert. Twenty years ago a married woman wouldn't dream of putting up for the night at a bachelor friend's place. Now many are doing it without caring a hang about wagging tongues or consequences. That's progress.

Ironically, the change in women's attitudes to themselves and their role has meant a change in their attitudes to men as friends. By being exposed to the big bad world they've actually become safer in male company. Many women no longer feel the need to play a part in their dealings with men. And once men and women treat each other as equals, they fulfil one of the most important requirements of true friendship — mutual benevolence.

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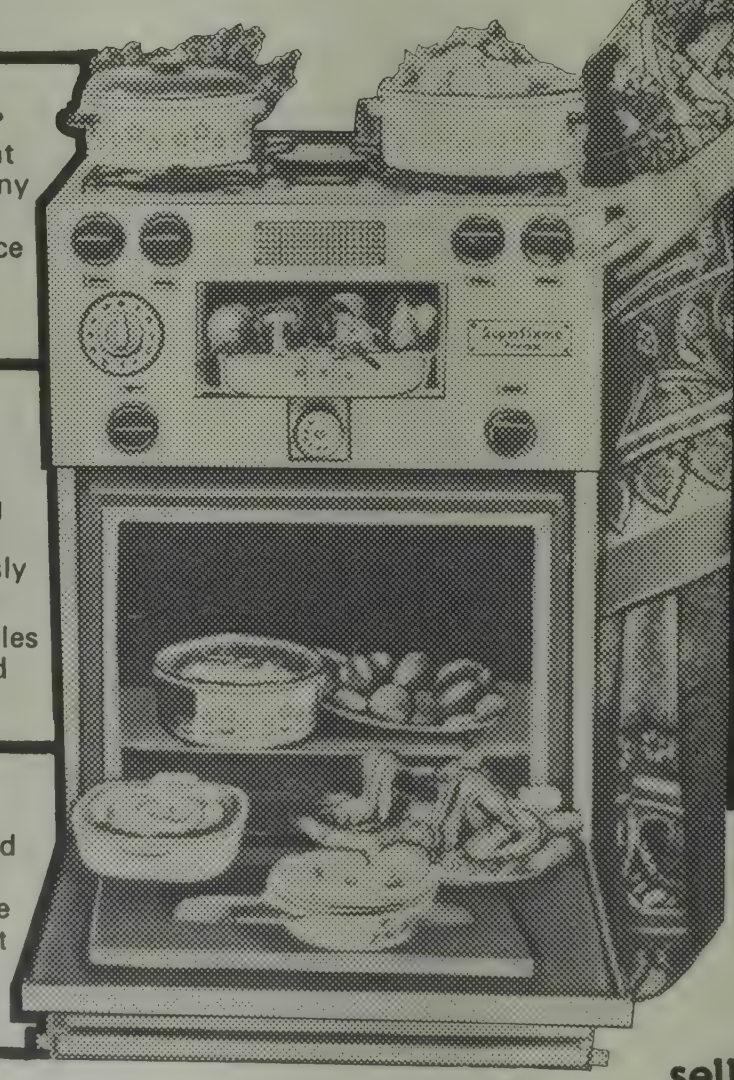

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PART ONE

ships that pass

Shashi Deshpande

He seemed calm and untroubled. The only sign of restlessness the visitor noticed in him was the constant movement of his fingers. It took him a little while to realise that they were involuntary cigarette-holding gestures. He remembered now that the man had been, not a chain smoker, but a steady one. He didn't admit to any deprivation, though. "I'm all right," he said brusquely, brushing the visitor's concern away. "It's Ravi I want to talk to you about," he went on, like a man in a hurry. "I want you to do me a favour." Now he paused. "I want you to look after him." The words came out abruptly. "Not just temporarily. I mean for always."

Whatever the visitor had expected, obviously it was not this. Before he could speak, the man held out a restraining hand. "Wait. Don't say no. If the worst comes to the worst. . .and so far as Ravi is concerned, anything is the worst, isn't it? ... it will be some comfort to know he's with you."

"But why me?" the visitor asked.

"Who else is there? There's my brother, he'll look after Ravi, but his wife. . ." The man made a face. "As for the others. . . "The gesture was one of resigned helplessness rather than anger.

"All right," the visitor said after a long pause. The man sat back, as if not interested in saying any more. It was a relief to both when the interview was over. The visitor walked out and stood in the entrance, still in the shade, trying to get adjusted to the heat and glare outside, screwing his eyes against the sun. The girl came to him. She was only a blur at first. Then her face came clear. She had been crying.

"Well," she asked hopefully. "What did he say? Didn't he say an thing at all?" she asked, impatient now.

The visitor shook his head.

"Didn't he deny it? Didn't he tell you something?" Her face was still expectant. She had a bizarre thought that she could see shadows of bars on his face.

"No," the man said firmly, thinking of the words ...

If the worst comes to the worst.

The girl's face crumpled into an angry grief, like a child let down by adults. "Oh God." she said. "I can't believe ... how could he ... how could this have happened?"

It had been a moment of revelation for me. There we were, the three of us, sitting in front of ice creams ... "babyish," Supriya had said, but Rashmi and I had overruled her; for now that we were adults ("we can even vote" Rashmi said gleefully; "for whom?" I asked) surely we could afford to look childish at times. . . and discussing our futures. I suppose one could wax eloquent on this picture of three young girls on the brink of life (where were we before?). A Natasha-like picture of a girl hugging herself and excitedly calling out ... Oh do come, Sonia it's soooo lovely! That's a man's idea of a girl, really, impossibly romantic and sentimental. I said it aloud and Rashmi instantly asked ... Natasha who? Tolstoy, I knew, would have been lost on her ... she's a medical student ... so I tersely explained myself by saying, "Audrey Hepburn in 'War and Peace'." "Oh yes, wasn't she sweet?"

"Terribly. And cute too." I made a grimace. "That's exactly what I mean. It's too ... too ..." I searched for the right word, compromised with "gooey." "All that put-on girlishness and white dresses and giggling and whirling around. God, as if being a young girl is like that."

"Be fair," Supriya said. "Could have been in those days."

"Maybe. Now, it just means ..." I spoke in a falsetto tone. "And now you've done your MA, what next? "Hell!" I said bitterly in my normal voice. It was terrible to come to the end of drifting. I often wished I had a poverty-stricken widowed mother

and half-a-dozen brothers and sisters depending on me. No drifting then.

Rashmi and Supriya grinned sympathetically. Damn them, they could afford to be complacent. Rashmi would be graduating, going on for her M.D. (Gynaec, what else?) and then, when Deepak had completed his M.S., she would get married, settle down. While Supriya had completed her law this year and she would be joining her father and brother, both lawyers, immediately. And I? A father who had been a painter of sorts (painting mostly bosomy, hippy females languishing at something not visible) and a photographer with an antiquated studio of his own. Poor old sweetie, he'd been an absolute loss as both painter and photographer cum businessman, and when he died he left his family nothing but a two-room flat in Dadar and just enough money to cover the funeral expenses. However, Amma's brothers came to our rescue, and Dada turned out both bright and ambitious, so here I was now, an M.A. (almost) by the grace of God. And Dada's money, of course. A fact I was rarely allowed to forget.

"I've tried to do my best by you, Radhika," he'd say solemnly, relapsing into gentle melancholy to add, "When I think of my own struggles ..."

Which really consisted of going from Dadar to Churchgate by train and never raising his head from his books. It paid off, though, and Dada is one of those upcoming young executives. His wife, Mohana, is already Mona and I have a dreadful feeling Dada, whose name is Dinkar, will soon become Dinky or something equally dreadful.

"Well, Radhu, what next?" Rashmi asked.

"Depends on what class I get. A third class, and I'm finished. If I get a good second, maybe ..."

"Why not journalism?"' Akka's husband Anand had written.

"If I were you, Radhika," Dada had suggested, "I'd try the IAS or IFS. You have the brains. If only you're a bit more serious ..."

"You can teach in a **girls'** college," Amma had heavily hinted.

Why was I so cold to all these things? Why could I not be more sure and certain about what I wanted? What did I really want? The question jangled and clamoured in my mind, deafening me, drowning out the possibility of any thought. There had always seemed to me something sickening in the complacency with which people "settled down" ... which really meant making oneself comfortable and secure and to hell with the rest. Was that all that lay ahead of me? What else? I walked away from my friends in a foul temper. And then, when crossing the road (behind the University, a spot to remember for me, like the Buddha's peepul tree) came Revelation. Enlightenment.

I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND SOMETHING SICKENING IN THE COMPLACENCY WITH WHICH PEOPLE "SETTLED DOWN." WAS THAT ALL THAT LAY AHEAD OF ME?

A woman can never get power outside the home and family. At the best she holds a subordinate position, or precariously clings on to an important one. So, I get married. First. Then decide about a career. Because: Suppose I marry a man living in a remote place, or one who gets transferred ... PHUT goes any career. So, get married first, find out where I'm going to live, how, what I'm going to be (whose wife, I mean) ... and then decide what I'm going to do. An arranged marriage. That's sensible and practical, no uncertainties, all the facts laid bare. (His grandfather is so and so, and he's got two sisters, one married ...)

I came out of my abstraction to find myself in the middle of the road, a taxi honking wildly, the driver's face suffused as he yelled at me, two men in a car grinning and pedestrians staring. I crossed the road in a dignified way, ignoring all of them and came home full of my own inspiration. Unfortunately the family wouldn't believe me. I suppose they thought it unwomanly, my saying I wanted to get married; or maybe they'd expected me to resist marriage. Anyway it took some time to convince them I meant it. At last it penetrated.

"So, get cracking, Dada," I said, "Get the horoscopes, the gotras, whatever is needed and start working. I'm sure it won't take you long to have a few suitable young men inspecting me."

True to my prediction, he soon had a number of possible candidates lined up. Amma, who looks so much like a mother in a Hindi movie — soft, silly and rather emotional — is really quite shrewd, and ruthlessly she drew a line through many of the names. They were "our people" and she knew all about them. It was uncanny, I thought, how much she knew. "Too many dependents. His mother is a terrible woman. This man's sister is no good." Finally there were four or five to whom Dada could make a formal proposal.

"If only ..." he said, looking at me doubtfully.

"I were like Shanti ..." I said it for him. Shanti ... that's my Akka ... looks rather like a Mughal miniature, with large lustrous eyes, a straight nose, a perfectly shaped face with high cheek bones and a delicate jaw line. While I? I was 19 when I decided I would do nothing about my looks. Actually, the process, the paraphernalia, of female beautification fascinates me, aesthetically, I mean. Rows of lipsticks in beautifully embossed cases, with the colourful buds waiting inside, shapely bottles of scent, tall jars of foundation, shining oval mirrors ... something entrancing about them. But I swore I wouldn't fall into that trap. I haven't so far.

"But you will wear a saree, won't you, when they come?" Amma asked anxiously.

"Of course," I said, hitching up my jeans. "When I do a thing, I do it right."

My results and Ghanshyam came upon me the same day. I'd got a middling second, and it left me in the same quandary. What next? In the meantime, however, here was Ghanshyam ... a quiet, rather too-good-looking-for-me young man, with a mother so sophisticated she terrified me. I was stunned when Dada said a month later, "Congrats, Radhika, you got a first class in this exam."

Dada's ghastly jokes indicated a good mood. "You mean ...?"

"Ghanshyam's okayed our proposal. His parents too."

I felt as if I'd been hit on the head with a ... yes, I'm a Christie fan and could think of no other word ... a blunt instrument. I rang up Supriya. "I'm engaged." The words sounded unreal.

"When? How? To whom?"

"Today. He 'saw' me and he's agreed. An engineer. Father's one of those Government 'burra sahebs.' Only two sons."

And now it was true. Suddenly I could see it. The ceremony ... me in a yellow and gold Dharmavaram. The reception ... me in a red and gold Benaras. The two of us in front of the fire. Standing against a backdrop of flowers and twinkling lights (spelling our names? No. Dada's not mean but he won't spend on inessentials), smiling at guests, he shaking hands, me namaste-ing. Presents piling up on both sides, names being jotted down feverishly. The photographer, the

Continued on page 67

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A FEAST FOR THE EYE

Bombay-based Bina Nanavati, a young and talented housewife, is an expert at making intricate Rangoli patterns. Episodes from Indian mythology and history are her main source of inspiration. For the past seven years, she has been adorning her room during Diwali with elaborate patterns, skilfully executed. Last year she depicted the famous scene from the Mahabharata. Krishna preaching to Arjuna at Kurukshetra. It measured 2½ mts. x 2½ mts. (left). On one occasion she portrayed Meera (below).

Bina takes about three weeks to complete a pattern, closeting herself in her room, working laboriously on it for six to eight hours daily. It requires tremendous patience and concentration to get the required effect using the right colours, facial expressions and postures, and filling in the minutest detail.

"I put my heart and soul into the pattern and I literally weep when I have to wipe it off at the end of Diwali," Bina declared.

For this Diwali Bina has portrayed another mythological scene: Rama worshipping the Shivalinga with Shankar appearing in the rear, and Lakshman and Hanuman behind Rama. This measures 2¼ mts. x 2 mts.

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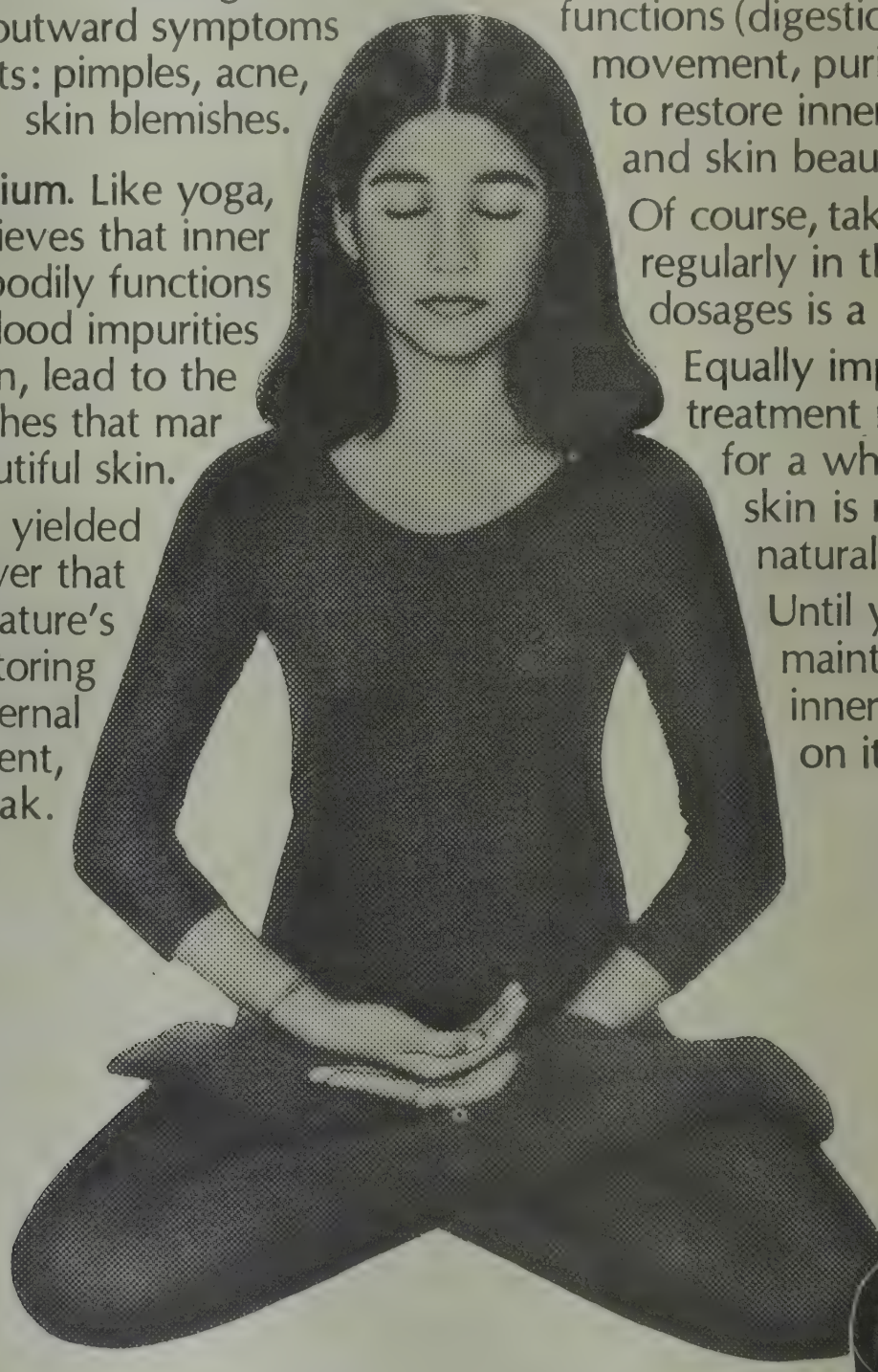

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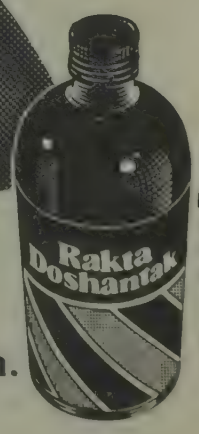

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THE LOTTERY TICKET

Sharada Venkatraman

"THE taxi has come, Kusum. We have to reach the station on time. Do hurry up with your war paint," said Prashant. "War paint?" asked a wrathful Kusum, ready to do battle with her tactless husband. Before she could stage a counter-attack, however, an amused voice intervened, "Can't you and bhaiya settle your differences later?" That was Reva, her sister-in-law. Reva knew this was just one of the myriad arguments that was part of the daily routine at bhabi's place.

Reva and Ramki were Prashant's sister and brother-in-law, and had come to spend Diwali with them. The choice verbal sparklers between Kusum and Prashant amply aided in making their stay more interesting. How they got hitched together was beyond one's comprehension, it had been a love marriage. After a very enjoyable holiday, Reva and Ramki were returning to Baroda where Ramki was employed.

As soon as they reached the station, the men went in pursuit of the ticket checker cautioning the ladies to stay by their luggage. They reconciled themselves to crowd-gazing after attempts at conversation had been drowned in the noise on the platform.

"Let's all have coffee," said an irate and flustered Prashant. The men had returned after a vain attempt to locate the elusive T.C. All proceeded to the coffee stall, bag and baggage. "Four espressos, please," said Prashant to the man at the counter. "Four rupees and forty paise, Sir," said the vendor, handing out steaming cups of the brew.

"Have you change for a 100-rupee note?" asked Prashant, rummaging in his purse for change. "I'll pay for the coffee. I have a fiver," said Ramki.

"Nothing doing," said Prashant handing over the large denomination note to the vendor. He pocketed the change and absently pushed the purse with only a few addresses and lottery tickets (for which he had a passion that kept him buying them continuously in the hope of becoming a rich man one day), into his hip-pocket.

The arrival of the T.C. was a welcome sight, and they made their way through the crowd and all the four clustered round him as Prashant got him to confirm their reservations. Then Prashant led them to the 1st class compartment.

"Bhaiya, get us a cold-drink," said Reva, sighting the delicious quench thirsters nearby.

"Char Fanta dena," said Prashant accosting the vendor. "Chey rupay, chaalis paise," said the vendor handing over the opened bottles.

"Yeh lo," said Prashant putting his hand into his hip pocket. A look of consternation mingled with disbelief showed on his face as he found his hip-pocket cut away and his purse missing. "What's wrong?" asked Kusum seeing his stricken look.

"Somebody's robbed my purse," said Prashant in an undertone, forgetting what he had done with the change at the coffee stall, and hurriedly composed himself. "Reva, please pay the vendor, I don't have change," he said, turning to his sister. "Of course, Bhaiya," said Reva and paid the vendor.

Kusum's lamentations over the mishap were lost in the roar and thunder of the departing train. A dejected Kusum and Prashant proceeded to the scooter stand. Prahhant put his hand into his pocket to take out the scooter key, and there lay the change from the 100-rupee note! A jubilant couple proceeded homewards.

Govinda looked proudly at his new digital watch which he had acquired from an unwary passenger in a local train. It showed 6.30 p.m. Why hadn't the train come into the platform yet? He was always tense on these occasions. A pick-pocketer's life is not an easy one. His hands were quick and dexterous, but one could never be sure, and he still remembered the merciless bashing he had received a month ago at a bus stand where he had been caught by a sharp eyed student with his fingers in another man's pocket. He had escaped from the crowd without being arrested, but only by the skin of his teeth, of which two had been loosened, apart from abrasions and bruises. He

A tiny, insignificant scrap of paper, it could have made the fortunes of the two men through whose hands it passed, but lady luck decreed otherwise

was an orphan — his father had been killed in a drunken brawl and he didn't remember his mother. He could read and write, but neither had the means nor the inclination to pursue his studies.

Continued on page 55

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR HAIR MORE THAN WE DO?

Then put a stop to your worries. Silken Touch has the right type of solution to care for your hair and give it a finis.

Silken Touch Shampoo leaves the hair silky and glowing, keeps it so clean & healthy it can't help being beautifully rich.

Silken Touch Orange Shampoo is rich with the natural goodness of orange oil. It contains an astringent that takes away excessive oils, leaving your hair smooth & full of life.

Silken Touch Balsam Shampoo contains an imported natural raw material, extracted from plants. It keeps the tissues of the hair moist & healthy.Softens the hair & gives it a natural sheen.

Silken Touch Rosemary Shampoo is a combination of natural Rosemary oil and BKC, very effective on dandruff and a good hair conditioner too.

More the use of Silken Touch Shampoo less you need to worry about your hair.

MARKETED IN BOMBAY ONLY

MAPP-STA-80. 1

Distributors: Mandelia International Trade Services, Century Bhavan, Worli Bombay 400 025

WINTER WARMER

She'll love to show off her beautiful dress

MATERIALS:

Raymond's knitting yarn Diamond King 4 ply: 7 balls Yellow 205, 2 balls White, 1 ball Orange 228 (25 grams each). A pair of knitting needles No. 10 and No. 12, a zip fastener 37 cms. in length.

MEASUREMENTS:

Chest 66 cms., length 61 cms., sleeve seam 8 cms.

TENSION:

7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st. st. on No. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k. = knit; p. = purl; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; sts. = stitches; m. = make; alt. = alternate; rep. = repeat; st. st. = stocking stitch; y. fwd. = yarn forward; tog. = together; MB = make bauble by knitting into front, back and front of next st. thus making 3 sts. out of next st., turn, k. 3, turn, p. 3, slip 2nd and 3rd sts. over first st.

FRONT

** With Yellow yarn and No. 12 needles cast on 166 sts. and work 14 rows in st. st.

Next row: With right side of work facing, * k. 1, y. fwd., k. 2 tog. rep. from * to last st. k. 1.

Next row: P.

Change to No. 10 needles and st. st. ** till work measures 33 cms. from row of holes, end with the right side facing for next row.

Work bodice as follows:

K. 9, k. 2 tog. each st. to last k. 9 sts. (92 sts.).

Next row: P.

Next row: K. 1 * k. 2 tog. y. fwd., k. 2 rep. from * to last st.

Next row: P. Dec. 1 st. at the end of the row (91 sts.).

Now work rows 1 to 8 of bauble pattern as follows:

1st row: In Yellow k.

2nd row: In Yellow k.

3rd row: Join White yarn p. 1 * k. 5, p. 1 * rep. from * to * to end of row.

4th row: In White p.

5th row: Join Orange yarn p. 1 White * k. 2 White, (MB Orange) k, 2 White, p. 1 White, rep. from * to end of row.

6th row: In White P.

7th row: In White as 3rd row.

8th row: In White p.

Rep. these 8 rows till 6 patterns are completed.

Keep continuity of pattern.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row till 74 sts. remain.

Continue straight till work measures 60 cms. Change to No. 12 needles and work 6 rows in garter st. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front from ** to ** then continue in st. st. until back measures 21 cms. from row of holes ending with a right side facing for next row.

Divide for back opening as follows:

Next row: K. 83 turn and leave remaining sts. on a spare needle. Continue on these sts. for the first side until work measures 33 cms. from row of holes, ending with a right side facing for next row.

Next row: K. 3 * K. 2 tog., rep. from * to end (43 sts.).

Next row: P.

Next row: K. 1 * k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts. k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 2.

Next row: P.

Now work in bauble pattern as for front, shaping armholes as required to match front. End at shoulder as for back.

Join Yellow yarn to remaining sts. on a spare needle and work and complete to match the other side reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

With Yellow yarn cast on 78 sts. on No. 12 needles and work 6 rows in garter sts.

Next row: K. 10, m. 1, * k. 11, m. 1 rep. from * to last 10 sts., k. to end (84 sts.).

Next row: P. dec. 1 st. at the end of the row (83 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work bauble pattern as follows:

Next row: K. 26 Yellow, work bauble pattern, as for back on next 31 sts., k. 26 Yellow.

Continue in pattern as set in the previous row till work measure 8 cms.

Shape Top: Keeping continuity of pattern cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 65 sts. remain. Now. dec. 1 st. at each end of every row till 25 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off.

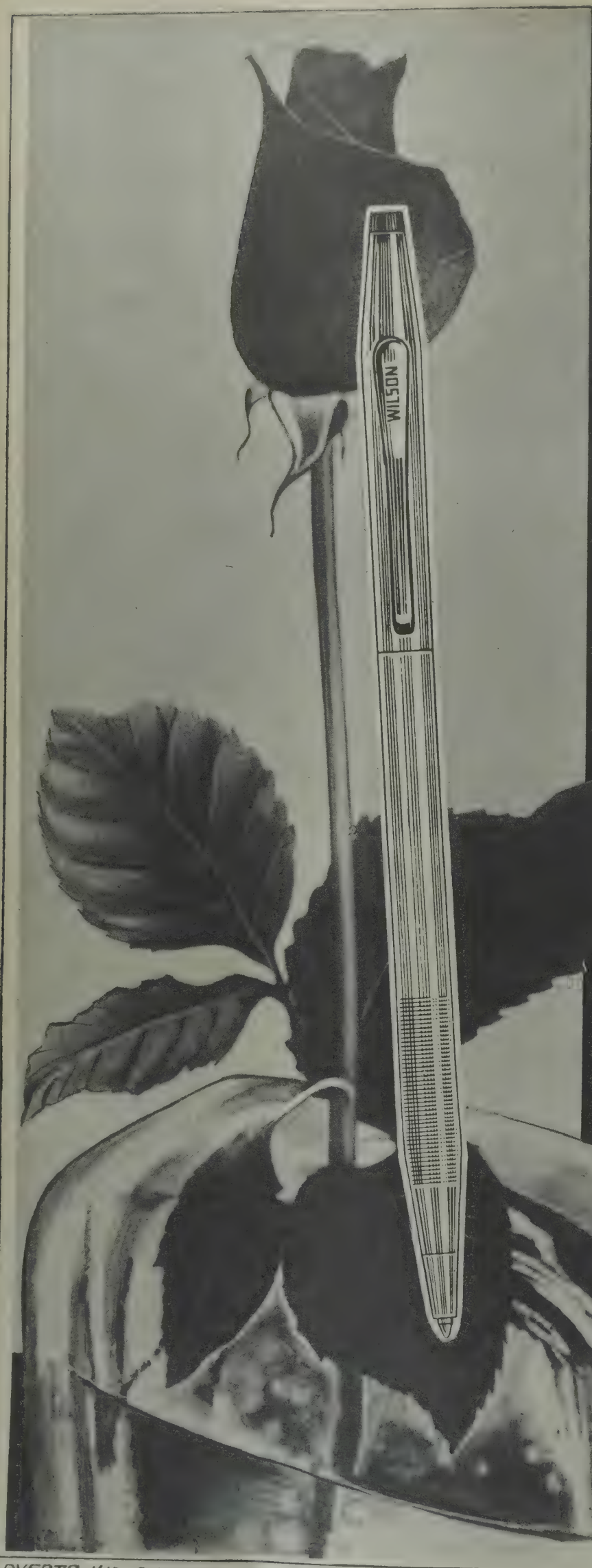
TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Join shoulder seams to 6 cms. from each outer end. Set sleeves into armholes. Fold hem to wrong side of row of holes at base and hem stitch into position. Stitch zip fastener to back opening. Pass cord through row of holes at waist.

Cord: With White wool work a row of ch. measuring 138 cms. and work a row of dc. on it and fasten off.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Photograph: Mahesh Painter



WATCH OUT

FOR A NEW SLIM BEAUTY

WILSON

(REGD.)

SLIM

BALLPEN

Slim. The high-fashion ballpen.
Wilson's answer to
the best the world can offer.
Slim. Silvery sparkle.
Exclusive metal craftsmanship.
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it looks, and comes
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ADVERTS-WP-247-I80

MORE ABOUT FILTERS

Homi Kharas

You are all familiar with a general-purpose yellow filter which gives a nice tone to the sky and improves the quality of landscape photographs. There are other colour filters which create special effects in black and white pictures. Commonest in the range are red, orange, green and blue filters, each with a special purpose. Since they are not very expensive you might benefit by acquiring one or two of them as you progress in your hobby.

Most dramatic effects can be created by using a red or orange filter. It makes blues dark and reds light. That is, the sky will photograph a deep grey or almost black whereas a red flower or lips will come out a pale grey or white.

Our first picture of the Taj Mahal against a blue sky was taken without a filter, and naturally the white marble of the edifice has merged into the white, toneless sky.

A similar subject is rendered in a more dramatic manner in our second picture. The marble statue in the foreground and whitewashed church structure in the distance stand out beautifully against an almost black sky. This was achieved by using an orange filter which called for a four times longer exposure. It also cuts haze, whereas a blue filter would exaggerate the effect of mist or fog.

verybody is
feeling great
n Thums Up.

Thums Up

The refreshing Cola

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

HELLO, DARLING! I'M HOME -
HI -
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY GLAD TO SEE ME!
BUT YOU WERE ONLY GONE FOR TWENTY MINUTES -
JUST THE SAME, IT WOULDN'T HURT YOU TO SHOW A LITTLE AFFECTION!
GOOD GRIEF!
OH, DEAR I FORGOT TO BUY POTATOES -
I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE STORE!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY GOOD-BYE?
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO OVERDO IT!
BON VOYAGE
12-2
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A reader doesn't understand why goods sent by ship constitute a cargo, while goods sent in a car are a shipment.

* * *

The customer complained that the new barber was driving him crazy with his incessant chatter. The proprietor observed mildly, "According to the Constitution of the United States, he's got a right to talk."

"That may be," admitted the customer, "but the United States has a constitution that can stand it. Mine can't."

* * *

"I say," cried the boy, dashing into a village store, "father is being chased by a bull."

"Good gracious!" gasped the assistant, "what can I do?"

"Give me a roll of film for my camera, quick," was the feverish request.

A well-dressed woman walked into the milliner's shop and asked for the manageress. "I see from your advertisement," she said, "that you have received two thousand hats from Paris."

"That's so, Madam," replied the manageress.

"Good," replied the woman, as she removed her hat. "I wish to try them on."

* * *

Girl (anxiously): "Did you see Daddy, darling? Did he behave like a lamb?"

Suitor (grimly): "Absolutely! Every time I spoke he said Bah."

* * *

She: "You are the most despicable creature on earth. You are repulsive, abhorrent and miserable. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

He: "Do I understand that you are rejecting my proposal?"

* * *

"Bob told me I was the eighth wonder of the world."

"What did you say?"

"I told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven."

* * *

"Have you proposed to Jane yet?"

"I was just going to when she said she loved Shelley, Wordsworth and Keats. What chance do I stand with these other blokes in the field?"

"Please tell the court why you stabbed your husband 69 times."

"I didn't know how to turn the electric knife off."

* * *

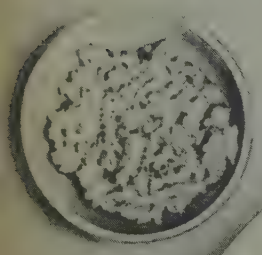
A prisoner is one person who doesn't mind being interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Guess where you can get the crunchiest samosas...

...and fluffiest idlis
and softest gulab jamuns
and flakiest patties
and puffiest pakoras
and lightest omelettes...



Right in your kitchen!

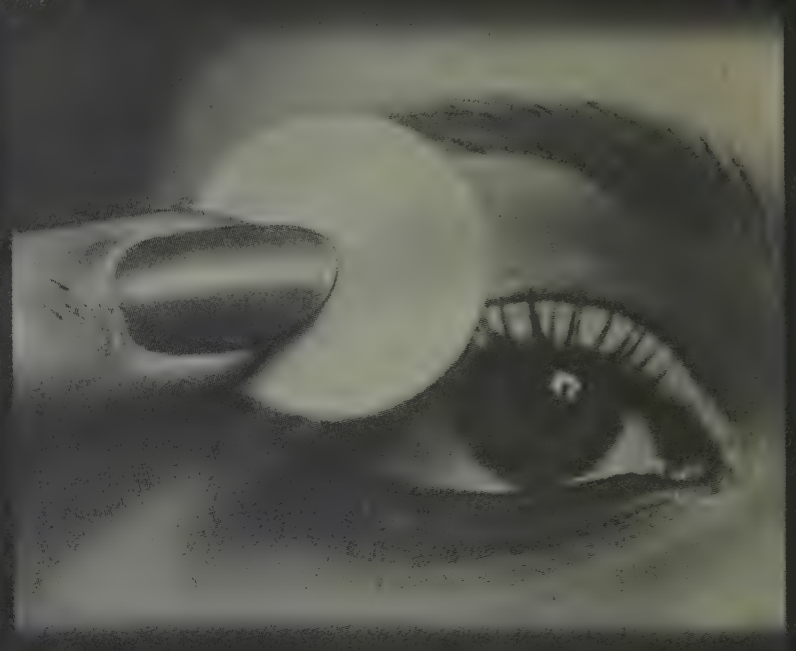
With just a pinch of Rex
Baking Powder!
Try it next time you cook—and watch
everything puff up in surprise!

REX BAKING POWDER

the secret helper that's right in your kitchen!

-3861

India's first



EYE MAKE-UP REMOVER PADS

Removing eye make-up
with just any cleanser can harm
the skin around your eyes.
That's why Max Factor created
Eye Make-up Remover Pads.

They're sterilised— so safe.
And so convenient to use.
Just stroke the pad gently
over closed eyes... kajal, liner,
shadow, mascara come off
in a jiffy. Leaves your eyes clean,
fresh, sparkling.

only from MAX FACTOR...naturally

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

SHOBA DOCTOR

IN THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS

Full of verve and dynamism, Shoba Doctor is a commanding personality, and a fine example of what women can do, if they refuse to be limited by conventional boundaries that fence off traditional male preserves. For in the tough competitive business world, Mrs. Doctor has made her mark. Executive Director of Concept Marketing and Advertising Private Limited, she says, "my basic philosophy is to live life fully." An ordinary working day is an incredible example of her boundless energy. In addition to being, for all practical purposes, the head of her advertising firm, she runs the Sanjay Dairy Company.

Hailing from an East African family of Indian origin, Shoba Doctor's shrewd business acumen was developed by her father who exposed her at an early age to the clients and customers of his cotton trading business. She learnt the important knack of communicating easily with all kinds of people.

Convinced of her extraordinary business abilities her husband Mahesh Doctor, decided to help her exploit her latent advertising talent and so shortly afterwards, Concept was formed. Though Mr. Doctor is the Managing Director, Shoba is the propelling force behind the firm.

Successfully selling ideas by communicating with people and instilling confidence in them by her creativity, has made Concept a successful medium sized firm. "Identifying with clients' advertising objectives, is the usual advertising recipe for success," said Mrs. Doctor. What really makes a difference, according to her however, "is attention to details, and trying to gain an insight into the clients' needs, by understanding their marketing and selling strategies as well.

"Women can successfully take to advertising," she asserts. "They have an advantage over men in this field, because of their in-built quality of understanding both sides of a problem. The personal ego does not come into conflict with the clients'."

She spoke with pride of her success in two especially challenging assignments. "It was an almost impossible task. The client was already with a large agency. But they wanted to get Hema Malini, to endorse their new range of sarees. I had just two days to accomplish this after I received the phone call in Ahmedabad. On arriving in Bombay, I drove straight from the airport to Hema Malini's house and sold the actress on the idea of endorsing the range. The client," she says with a smile, "had no option but to switch to my agency."

Pulling out "The Times of India", she pointed to the Polydor advertisement condoling the death of Mohammad Rafi the

previous day. The singer's face had been imaginatively encircled within the flame of a **diya**. "Look at this," she said, "we did this in 24 hours flat."

"I have the best team working for me. They worked late to get this done. I am not ambitious for myself, but for my highly talented team who think of this agency as their agency." Unlike most other agencies who work on the assumption, that communication with clients, is of paramount importance Mrs. Doctor stated, "My formula of sound communication with myself first, then good communication with my team of professionals and finally, maintaining communications with clients, creates success."

She says flatly, that she resents the exploitation of the female form in advertising. "Given a choice where I have to lose a client because I would be forced into using the nude body of a woman, I would risk it." Asked the secret of her success in dealing with aggression, in the highly demanding business world, she quipped "I prefer to look mild and easygoing, till I meet with opposition. Then my fierce determination to succeed, to remain in total control of any situation, asserts itself. My ability to work around the clock, is at the core of my ability to survive in this competitive business."

The latter qualities have indeed served Shoba Doctor well, in her business of selling milk vis a vis the Sanjay Dairy Company. "I found advertising too small a platform after two to three years. So I decided to launch into other business activities. My husband and I thought it would be a challenge to distribute a commodity like milk, which has a shelf life of only eight hours. In a short period of three to four years, we became one of the most successful business enterprises in selling milk, and even won gold medals for excellence.

"In the initial two years, we visited thousands of milk pockets in Maharashtra and Gujarat," says this energetic lady. "We met and communicated with farmers and villagers, and tried to help them earn extra by buying and selling their surplus milk in Bombay. Indeed, we contribute effectively to helping Government hold the price line of milk in the city, by our efforts.

"I conduct my business of forward trading in milk from 12 midnight to 2 a.m. in the morning, on the telephone, in between deep sleep. In other words, I compete with the 'bhayyas'. From 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., I'm busy with my other work, and after that, I enjoy a hectic social life. I enjoy meeting and entertaining people from different back grounds — from 'bhayyas' to clients, to hard business heads of corporations. I hate T.V. or listening to music, and prefer talking anytime.

"I don't mind the inconvenient working hours between 12 and 2 a.m. It is much better to get ahead when others are not alert! I like the Japanese attitude of listening quietly, of fitting into an image of warm passivity, which hides an inner rebellious spirit. My fearlessness has enabled me to go into a situation of any nature — not necessarily advertising alone — and come out a winner."

Hopefully, she plans to diversify into industrial manufacture of **kulfis**, ice-creams, **shrikands** and yogurts, by 1981.

Preeth I. Biddapa

Lounging In Style!

tional" is a fabulous way to look and feel, and that is exactly these beautiful lingerie items can do for you. Nightwear is as im- t as any other item of clothing, and it should be light, cool and rtable, besides being attractive. Here are a few selections of en- ng negligees styled by SURITA SETH, with styles and colours to l ages and shapes.

ection of Surita's nightwear will be on display at an exhibition Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay, on November 10, 11, 12, and 13, 1980. t the exhibition will be a display of household linen and lovely arrangements.

slinky printed nightdress with shoe-string straps — evening dress And little Angela's red dress has side slits and a U-shaped e to allow for free movement, which she needs at this active age.

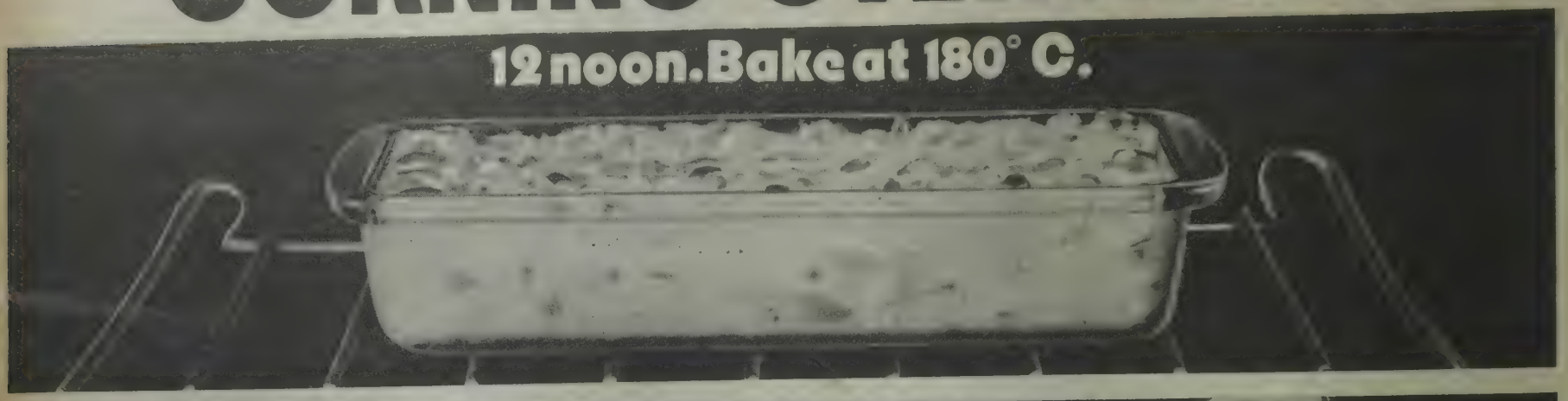
ced elegance — a duster coat in pink, edged with white lace, is over a white nightie with delicate lace insertions.

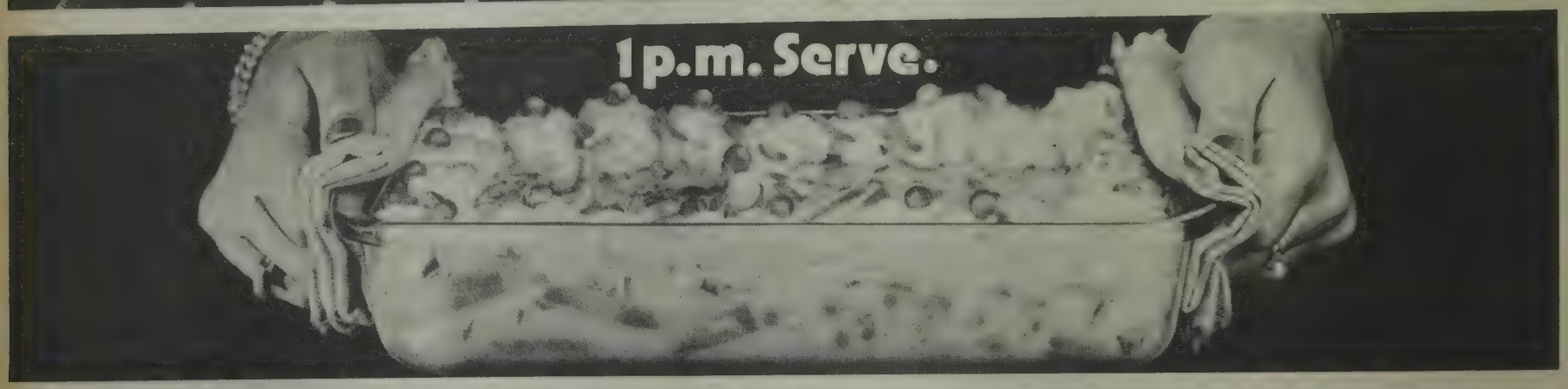
jama suits for all ages — cool and comfortable to lounge around pencil straps and delicate lace trimmings; the young style in as an embroidered yolk in pretty petite point.

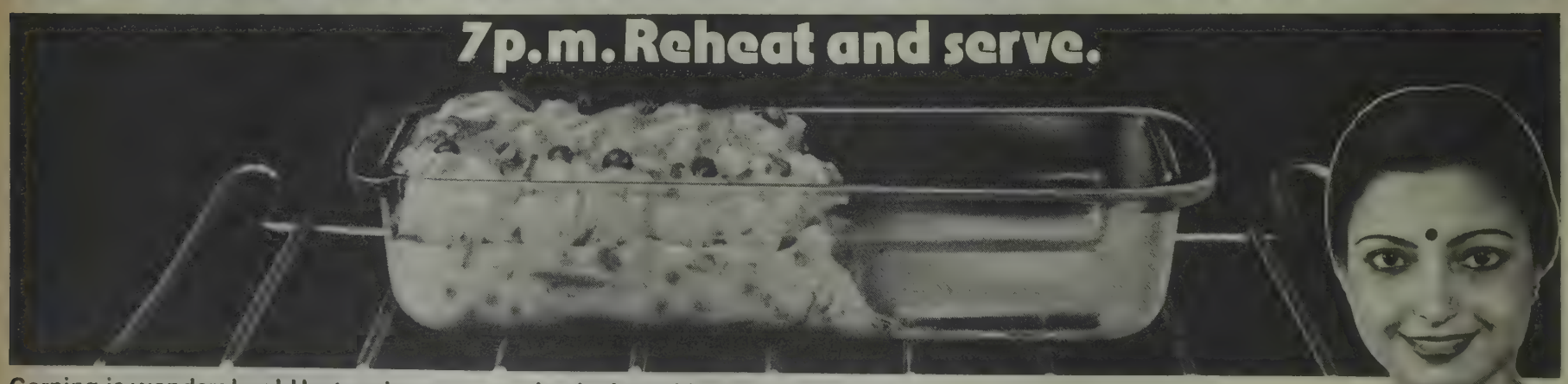
for wearing around the house — a figure-hugging nightie in blue has a laced yolk in front, an interesting bare back, and an waist for a trim fit; a pretty flutter-sleeve gown in soft, pale jersey, has an Empire waist and a laced yolk.

ach : Talyeb Badsha

CORNING OVENWARE







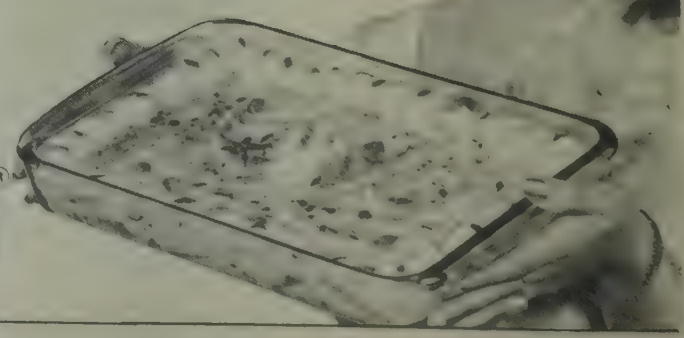
Corning is wonderglass! Heat-resistant: capable of withstanding temperatures upto 500°C. Corning Ovenware goes straight from oven to table to refrigerator (for storing), then back to the oven for reheating and serving at the next meal.

Corning® Ovenware. The new concept of cook serve and store in the same container. More practical, more hygienic and looks extremely elegant on your table.

Available at all Department Stores.

Ask for the Corning® Ovenware. The new concept of dualware from America.

CORNING®



Manufactured by: **BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED** Bombay 400 018.

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SIMOES BGW 2 80

PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Is **Sophia Loren** outgrowing her dependence on her husband, producer, manager and father figure **Carlo Ponti,** at last? The 45-year-old Sophia "lived in sin" for several years with Ponti, her senior by two decades, before things could be sorted out. They married after they both obtained French citizenship. But now comes the news that the sultry Sophia has fallen desperately in love with French singer **Serge Lama,** nine years her junior. Serge, a singing sensation in Paris, is reputed to be fiercely independent. His estranged wife still acts as his press agent. Serge is sexy, prefers older women and laughs a lot. These days he spends his time composing love songs about Sophia. But for obvious reasons, both Serge and Sophia are trying their best to keep the romance a sec-

ret. They meet at an apartment, where food is brought from a top-class restaurant. But on the few occasions that they were kissing and cuddling in a restaurant like young lovers, the press quickly took sizzling photographs. So where does that leave husband Carlo Ponti? Insiders say that Sophia is not at all serious about Serge and the entire act is just her naughty way of making Ponti eat his fingernails with jealousy.

* * *

Once upon a time, there was an indentured labourer of Indian origin from Malaysia called **Nandkishore Ram,** who went to England and thought of becoming rich. He started life as a pavement salesman, and fortune smiled on him. Rich enough to get what he wished, he was shocked and angry when the imperious Madam Regine turned him away from her doors in Paris with a rude, "You're not famous, only rich." The infuriated Ram, it is said, bided his time like the proverbial hunter. When Regine's in London (to the uninitiated, Regine's is **the** club to be spotted in the **haute monde**) fell to bad times, Ram stepped in like a gallant knight, forgot about old insults, and pumped in £ 1 million to get it going again. Of course, he changed the name to The Gardens, and fired **Michael Fish** (the same character who once designed robes for Muhammad Ali and Pablo Picasso and a white miniskirt outfit for Mick Jagger). Said a bewildered and hurt Fish: "I'd hoped that I might be able to take some of the right kind of people to his club. But Ram doesn't seem to want that." To which the twinkle-eyed Ram replied with mock seriousness, "We are trying to get away from the personality cult." Hmmm. Revenge does smell sweet.

* * *

I know it's sinful of me to keep mentioning **Muhammad Ali** in these columns all the time, but he is rather a favourite of mine, especially when he has one of his quick comebacks ready. When the press asked him recently about the moustache he's growing, he said, "All the women like it. They call me 'Dark Gable'!" But an airline stewardess scored a victory over the Lip the other day. Just as the flight began taking off from Washington the stewardess asked Ali to fasten his seat belt. "Supermen don't need no seat belt," bragged Ali. "Supermen don't need no airplane either," was the pat reply of the air-hostess, and Ali sat in stunned silence.

* * *

It was a South Indian version of the Rehana Sultan, B. R. Ishara affair. **I. V. Sasi,** who introduced the soft-porn wave in South Indian cinema with **"Avaludai Ravugal"** (Her Nights), and a sizzling heroine called **Seema,** suddenly decided to turn respectable and married his heroine at Meenakshi Amman temple, a few kilometres from Madras. Incidently, this shrine has become a hot favourite with film stars, who think all their wishes will be granted if they worship here. Apparently, Seema has been praying here regularly to be able to bag Sasi, who has become her friend, philosopher and guide. Sasi is doing better than ever at the box-office, in spite of being fired from directing two Hindi movies. And both have

gone their way professionally even after marriage. Sasi left for the shooting of his film in Trivandrum a day after the wedding, and Seema said that she had no plans to retire and would continue with her hectic schedule.

* * *

It seems that in spite of China's persistent wooing, the **Dalai Lama** has decided not to return to Tibet. At the end of a four-month fact finding mission, **Bema Bema Gyalpo,** the Dalai Lama's sister said: "My recommendation to him will be not to return to Tibet." This will be a major rebuff to China, which has been trying to lure the Dalai Lama back home to take some heat out of the simmering Tibetan nationalism. The new regime has been trying to blame the previous oppressive Chinese policies on the "gang of four." Mrs. Bema Gyalpo has told her brother to wait for at least three years and see if the Chinese carry out their promised reforms, including giving the Tibetans freedom of religion and allowing young people to become monks. That the people still revere the Dalai Lama and are hungry for news about him was apparent from the fact that in spite of official warning to the contrary, thousands of Tibetans surged forward to meet Bema Gyalpo wherever she went.

UNKNOWN

First we had ex-parachutist Uri Geller with his mind-bending (or should we call it nail bending?) powers of psychokinesis, by which he could bend or move any object at will from a distance by merely looking at it. Now it seems we have discovered our own "desi" Geller, Baljit Singh Jabbal, who has recently returned from London after covering himself with glory, where he reportedly lit an electric bulb by emitting mental waves. In Raipur, Madhya Pradesh, Jabbal flummoxed Indian audiences by lighting a deeya with a cotton-wool wick, which contained no ghee or oil. Mr. Jabbal claims to possess exceptional yogic powers and mental strength through deep meditation.

Lakshmi Narayan

Aristocrat.
Because all luggage is not created equal.

The Aristocrats.

You can't but admire
the way that luggage looks.
In a palace.
Or after a strenuous flight.

See the silver gleam
of the superb chrome.

The rich colour.

The roominess that's packed into it.

The toughness
that's part of its good looks.

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COOK & KEEP....

Premila Lal

Planning a party, or a get-together is great fun if most of the dishes have been made in advance and frozen, and only need to be defrosted, completed and garnished before serving. Here the fridge comes in very handy. It not only keeps your food fresh but enables the busy working woman to prepare food in advance so that she has ample time to relax with the family after a day's work. Also, you never need to panic when friends drop in at the last hour and stay on for dinner. These pre-cooked dishes will come in handy requiring a little bit of rehashing and garnishing before serving.

Here's a selection of recipes you can prepare two days in advance.

CUTLETS IN TOMATO GRAVY

210 grams minced meat
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. turmeric
½ tsp. ginger and garlic, ground
4 mint leaves
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 green chillis
2 eggs, beaten
Ghee for frying
Little flour

FOR THE GRAVY

500 grams ripe tomatoes
5 black peppercorns
½ tsp. chilli powder
A pinch salt
4 drops cochineal (optional)

Photograph: Taiyeb Badshah

1 stick cinnamon
1 heaped tsp. flour
2 tsps. ghee

Add to the minced meat, the finely chopped coriander, mint, green chillis, chilli powder, turmeric, salt, ground garlic and ginger. Mix all these into the mince and leave aside for at least twenty minutes. Now divide the mince into small balls. Sprinkle a little flour onto the cutlets. Leave in the refrigerator. When required, dip them one by one in egg batter and fry in deep boiling ghee till a light golden brown.

For the gravy: Wash the tomatoes and boil them in water till soft. Squeeze the tomatoes and pass the juice through a sieve. In a saucepan put in ghee. When hot, fry the flour for a few seconds. Add to it the tomato juice, peppercorns, cinnamon, chilli powder and salt. Stir the gravy over a gentle fire till thick enough to pour on the cutlets. To give it a rich colour add four drops of cochineal. Serve hot.

CHICKEN PALACSINTA

2 kg chicken, cut into pieces
Boiling salted water
1 tbsp. butter, melted
1 tbsp. flour
1 cup cream
1 tbsp. butter
Dash of paprika
5 tbsps. cheese, grated
1 tbsp. whipped cream
1 tbsp. minced parsley
Pancakes or crepes

Cook the chicken in enough boiling salted water to cover the pieces over low heat. Cover the pan and cook for one hour or until tender. Cool the chicken, discard the skin and bones and cut the meat into large pieces. Leave in the refrigerator till required.

Before serving, prepare the sauce: melt one tablespoon butter in a pan and blend in the flour. Slowly add one cup thin cream, stirring constantly, and cook over low heat until thick. Add one tablespoon butter, a dash of paprika, and the grated cheese. Mix half of the sauce with the chicken and taste for seasoning. Place one tablespoon of the chicken mixture on thin pancakes and roll up. Arrange in a baking dish. Add one tablespoon whipped cream and the parsley to the remaining sauce and cover the top of the crepes with this sauce. Bake in a moderate oven till brown on top. Allow two or three pancakes for each person.

PANCAKES OR CREPES

2 cups flour, sifted
1 tsp. salt
4 eggs, separated
3 cups milk

Combine flour, salt, egg yolks and one cup milk, stirring until smooth. Gradually stir in the rest of the milk to make a batter, the consistency of heavy cream. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the batter. Stir before dipping each pancake. Heat the pan and when hot grease the pan before cooking each pancake. For an eight-inch pancake, dip quarter cup batter onto the hot greased pan. With a quick rotary motion, tip the pan to spread the batter evenly. When brown, ease the pancake onto a warm dish. Leave these pancakes in the refrigerator till required.

RUSSIAN CHICKEN

2 kg chicken, cut into pieces
¼ tsp. paprika or chilli sauce
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup flour
¼ cup brandy (optional)
1 tsp. salt or to taste
1 tbsp. flour
4 tbsps. melted butter
3 tbsps. green dill, finely chopped
1 tsp. tomato sauce
½ cup chicken stock
1 cup sour cream or creamy curd

Season the flour with the salt, paprika and pepper and roll the chicken pieces in the seasoned flour. Melt the butter and brown the chicken well on both sides. Pour the brandy over the chicken and cook for a minute. Remove the chicken pieces and cool. Keep aside in the refrigerator till required. Next add the tomato paste and one tablespoon flour to the pan. Stir well and add the chicken stock. Cook until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add sour cream and chopped dill. Stir until smooth and return the chicken to the pan. Cover and cook over low heat for thirty minutes or until chicken is tender. Arrange the chicken pieces on a large serving platter and cover with the sauce.

CHEESE CUSTARD FLAN

FOR THE PASTRY:
120 grams flour
75 grams butter
60 grams cheese, grated
1 egg yolk
Pinch dry mustard
Salt

FOR THE FILLING:
90 grams cheese, grated
1½ cup milk
1 egg
Salt and pepper
1 tbsp. green capsicum, chopped

To prepare the pastry, sieve the flour, mustard and salt together. Rub in the butter, add cheese and bind with egg yolk. If necessary add a little water. Roll out firmly and line a fairly deep, 7-inch flan ring. Leave in the refrigerator till required.

Now beat together the egg, milk, cheese and seasoning. Pour carefully into the flan case. Bake in a hot oven for just ten minutes. Lower the heat and bake till the filling is firm and a light brown on top.

RASPBERRY GATEAU

4 eggs
120 grams flour
A little jam
200 grams castor sugar
Butter icing as required
200 grams bourbourn biscuits
120 grams fresh or tinned cherries

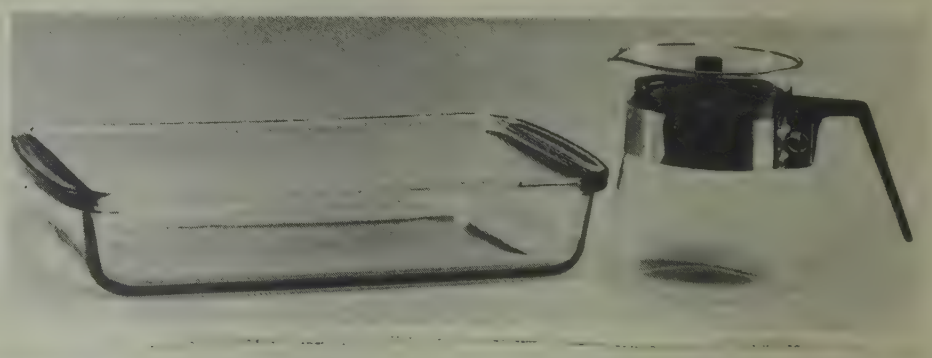
Whisk the eggs and sugar over a pan of hot water until thick and creamy. Remove from the fire and keep whisking. Fold in the sieved flour. Place in two equal greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate hot oven for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Cool. Sandwich the two halves together with jam and coat the sides with butter icing. Wrap in a foil and freeze till required.

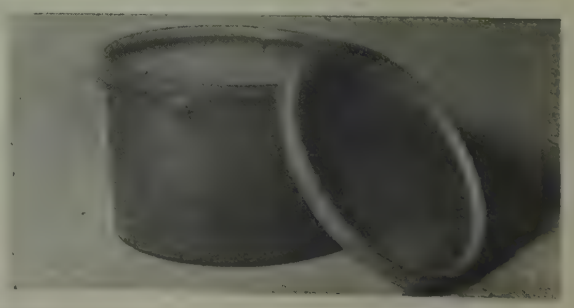
To serve, remove the cake from the freezer for two hours. Decorate with raspberry and pipe the remaining butter icing in the centre. Decorate with biscuits, overlapping each other.

ANNOUNCING MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:

1) A 9 cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) A Utility Dish and a 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent of Rs. 138.00 from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, Bombay, and 4) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.





RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Mira Swaroop, New Delhi.

KESAR CHANNA CAKE

1½ litre milk
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
A pinch saffron, dissolved
1 lemon
½ tsp. cardamom powder

First boil the milk. Add lemon juice to make paneer. Strain through a muslin. Tie securely and hang to drain out the whey. Make a smooth paste of paneer when dry.

Beat the sugar and eggs together. When the sugar dissolves, mix in the paneer and make a smooth batter. Add cardamom powder and saffron. Grease a baking tin with butter. Put the tin on fire and sprinkle a little sugar. Caramelize the sugar, remove from fire and add the prepared batter. Then place it in a pressure cooker. Close the cooker, and steam without pressure for twenty to twenty-five minutes. When done, invert the tin onto a plate. Serve hot.

Mrs. Anandi Ramanathan, Delhi.

PUDINA-BESAN KACHODI

2 cups gram flour (besan)
2 bunches fresh mint leaves (pudina)
6 green chillis
1 tsp. garam masala
2 or 3 tsps. lime juice or 1 tsp. amchur
2 cups flour
2 tsps. ghee
½ tsp. baking soda
Refined oil
Salt to taste

In a dry frying pan roast the gram flour till it becomes deep brown. Keep aside. Grind the mint leaves, salt, chillis and garam masala to a fine paste without water. Mix the paste to the fried besan. Add lime juice. This would be the stuffing for the kachodi.

Sieve the flour. Rub the baking soda with ghee vigorously till frothy. Add to the flour and form into a dough. Make equal balls of the dough and the stuffing. Roll out the dough into small puris. Place the stuffing in the centre and securely close the opening, forming into a nice ball. Deep fry one by one in oil over medium fire. Remove when crisp. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

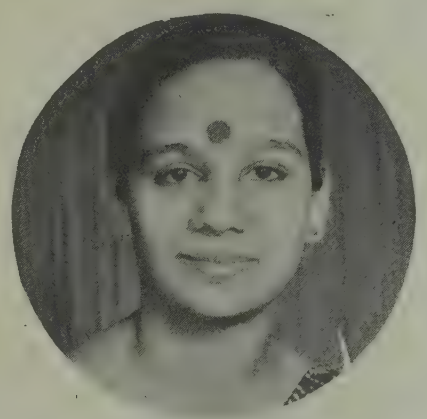
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

WEEKLY WINNER

PRATIBHA PAREKH, Bombay.



Mrs. Parekh wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited and a cook-book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

PYAJO

1 coconut, grated
250 grams potatoes, boiled
200 grams udad dal
100 grams green gram dal
100 grams Bengal gram dal
200 grams gram flour
200 grams Bengal gram dal (whole)
250 grams onions
200 grams carrots
100 grams cabbage
1 small bunch mint
1 bunch coriander
150 grams cucumber
1 sprig curry leaves
4 green chillis
100 grams potato wafers
¼ kg oil
50 grams tamarind
50 grams jaggery
½ tsp. soda-bicarb
⅛ tsp. asafoetida
½ tsp. cummin seeds

POWDER FINELY :

1 tsp. poppy seeds
1 tsp. sesame seeds
6 cloves
4 sticks cinnamon
25 grams red chillis
Salt

Soak the whole gram dal for eight hours along with soda. Soak all the dals separately for four hours. Mix them and grind coarsely into a paste. Add salt, three finely chopped onions, four chillis and curry leaves. Mix well. Heat oil and fry round flat vadas. Keep aside.

Make a dough of gram flour with salt, asafoetida and quarter teaspoon soda-bicarb. Make small round balls and fry in oil. Keep aside. Extract coconut milk. Add one tablespoon of gram flour and stir thoroughly. Cut the potatoes into small pieces. Heat little oil and splutter the cummin seeds and few curry leaves. Add the potatoes and stir. Add the dry masala, salt and pour the coconut extract. Boil for fifteen to twenty minutes till thick. Add salt to the soaked whole gram dal and boil till tender.

Soak the tamarind and jaggery together for about one hour. Grind and sieve. Keep aside.

TO SERVE :

Make small pieces of four vadas and four bhajis and spread them in a deep round serving plate. Add two tablespoons of boiled gram. Pour two dessertspoonful of hot kadhi and one teaspoon of chutney over them. Spread a little of the grated carrot and cut the cabbage, mint, coriander cucumber and onion. Decorate with potato wafers and serve immediately.

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LOVE CONQUERS ALL

"This little child has so much love to give," said Sister Paulina Altozano. Beautiful, tiny Nisha, with her waiflike expression, is a most winning child who reaches out with affection easily. Except for the fact that she moves around on her haunches despite being three years old, Nisha is a very normal child. For, she was born without arms and never learnt to rise to her feet, and was callously dumped on the roadside when still a baby. Kind souls picked her up, and took her to the Manav Seva Sangh in Matunga, a home for destitute children. No one came to claim her, and when a vacancy arose in St. Anthony's Home she was sent there, aged one and a half years old, after being committed to the care of Sister Paulina by the Metropolitan Magistrate of the Juvenile Court in Umerkhadi.

Nisha is now about to undertake a long journey across the seas to Michigan in the United States, to join her adoptive parents, Pamela and Daniel Kelley. Interestingly, the latter already have two natural children. The elder son Joe is like Nisha — physically handicapped. He was born without legs. Now aged four, he is judged a very intelligent child who has adjusted remarkably to his environment. This has been possible with the help of prosthetic legs, and the excellent facilities available in Michigan's remarkably well equipped hospitals.

One of the reasons why the Kelleys are so eager for Nisha to join them without delay is the need to fit on prosthetic arms quickly. The faster the arms are fitted, the quicker little Nisha can adjust to their use with minimum difficulty.

Pamela Kelley, 28, was one of five children, of whom two were adopted. She and Daniel, her husband, are keen to use the insights gained in bringing up their son Joe to help other handicapped children. The Kelleys are a very average American family. Daniel's income is only 15,000 dollars a year, and Pamela earns a little on the side, babysitting.

Arrangements for the new arrival have already been made. The grandmothers on both Pamela's and Daniel's side have been busy buying little dresses for Nisha. An extra room has been added to the Kelley house for her.

The two little brothers, Joe and Arthur, talk of her in eager anticipation. Arthur, a normal exuberant child, sometimes treats Joe casually, but the Kelleys' treatment of Joe, according to the social worker there, is very balanced and disinclined to make too much of Joe's handicap. This last psychological advantage has impressed the American doctors and the adoption workers enough to recommend the Kelleys as Nisha's adoptive parents.

Mrs. Clarice D'Souza, co-ordinator of the Adoption Programme of the Kuan-Yin Foundation in India, working with the co-ordinator in Michigan, Miss Moti Irani, has made Nisha's adoption possible. Mrs. D'Souza, has only recently returned from the United States after taking out five children for adoption.

The Kuan-Yin Foundation was started by Mrs. Helke Ferrie to help distressed children from all over the world lead happy unhampered lives. "We do not presume to solve the problems of the world, only those of specific children," sums up its basic objectives.

To date, Mrs. D'Souza has placed 900 children since 1972 when the Kuan-Yin Foundation Trust was first set up in India as a registered body.

Vividly, Mrs. D'Souza recalls her first glimpse of Nisha. "There was this most lovely baby, with angelic eyes, pushing herself around. I stood and watched her. She seemed to spread happiness. I told Sister Paulina I'd do my best to find a placement for her abroad. But contacting Moti Irani and finding a suitable family for her took two long years."

Understandably, Mrs. D'Souza is upset about the latest directive from the Maharashtra Government's Department of Social Welfare, which has been issued to all private adoption agencies asking them to satisfy a list of priorities before placing Indian children for adoption abroad. Indian children will now be offered first to Indian foster parents, then to Indian Institutions, or Bal Sadans, and then only to foreigners, provided other conditions are satisfied.

"We have enough trouble placing normal healthy children with Indian families, let alone finding Indian homes for handicapped children," she commented. The directive does mention however, that the priorities can be waived if need be.

Hundreds of poverty stricken parents often dump malformed babies on the streets. This, in addition to the many orphaned, discarded, unwanted and unloved children, has caused social problems. Institutions like St. Anthony's, Bal Seva Sadans, etc. strive to provide a happy home for these unfortunate children, but, facilities for physically handicapped children like Nisha just do not exist in the country.

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ANAND BALRAAJ:

ANOTHER "DESI" TRAVOLTA IN THE MAKING?

Anand Balraaj is another young hopeful model-turned-actor at present on the lookout for a break in Hindi films.

Anand's (who is the son of character actor Balraaj) story is a familiar one. He started out as a stage actor, did a lot of work in drama and then switched to modelling in '78. Apart from photographic modelling, he began to do a lot of live modelling and dancing on stage.

Although this kind of modelling is a fiercely competitive business and although Anand wasn't as tall as the other top models ruling the roost at the time, he managed to hold his own and earn a reputation for himself in the process. "I knew those other guys had the advantage of their height," he explained. "And I knew most people like their clothes worn by tall male models. So I worked doubly hard and tried to make up for this disadvantage by excelling in my dancing technique and style of presentation, and before long I had succeeded! Soon I was one of the most sought-after models and highly in demand."

But no sooner had Anand attained distinction in one field, than he was seized by the desire to switch over to another. "I was bitten by the acting bug," he said. "I grew keen on making it in films. So I decided to start at the bottom and began work as an assistant to B. R. Chopra. I must say B. R. was very helpful. He did all he could to encourage me."

Chopra was sufficiently impressed by Anand to give him that brief guitar playing role in "The Burning Train". The role, brief enough when first narrated to Anand, was slashed to practical non-existence on the screen.

Today, Anand is obviously regretful about the raw deal he was given, but it's equally apparent he doesn't want to say much for fear of jeopardizing his prospects with an influential film maker. "It's true that a lot of my dialogue in 'Burning Train' was cut and a few of my scenes were reduced, but ... it doesn't matter," he concluded magnanimously.

In a way he is right in not making an issue of a past film, for he has a lot to look forward to. He has bagged the immensely powerful role of a Harijan in "Bediyan", a soon-to-be released film dealing with communal violence and class conflict.

Anand is also all praise for Ravi Nagaich, (maker of films like "Surakshaa") who's signed him on for his next venture. Ravi's a whiz at numerology and it was he who persuaded Anand to add the extra "a" to Balraaj. "He said the number was an auspicious one." Anand has just returned from London after completing a six-week course in acting and dancing. "I am keen on the dancing kind of roles," he said.

Does that mean Mithun Chakraborty will be forced to relinquish his Travolta mantle?

Adelaide Chand

Photograph: Rakesh Shrestha

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TRUE CONFESSION

MY SISTER AND I SWAPPED HUSBANDS!

It started out as a lark. You see, my sister and I are identical twins. In our childhood, our own mother was sometimes confused. We don't remember this ourselves, but I have heard from relatives that she sometimes fed me twice while Shalu missed a feed. Then she would pace about with her on the shoulder all night, wondering what was wrong with her.

In our school days, we would accentuate our resemblance with similar hair styles and take great delight in fooling our friends. In the classroom we would get punished for each other's pranks and denial would only bring fiercer chastisement. Friends told us that even our voices and intonation were similar. Maybe the conscious effort we made in those early days to get people fooled found its insidious way into how we walked or inclined our heads, or mouthed an expression.

It was during our final year in school that a boy came into our lives. His name was Prakash, or maybe Pradeep. I don't remember it now. During school hours Shalu sneaked out and went to a movie with him. She did not tell me. At the close of school, I waited patiently for her. It began to grow dark and I was frightened. What would I tell mother? Finally she appeared, giggling a little and a trifle flushed from her foray into a forbidden realm. She had always been the more headstrong of us two.

"Where did you go?" I asked angrily. "And you didn't tell me a word."

She dimpled prettily and turned on her charm.

"Please don't be angry, Minoo," she said. "See what I brought you!"

She extended something to me. It sparkled in the electric light. A brooch set with red stones in the shape of a heart! I took it from her and examined it.

"Wear it," she said magnanimously. "It's yours."

I pinned it on, not seeing any subterfuge in this disarming gesture of hers.

On the way back, I asked her point blank where she had been.

"To a movie," she said.

"For heaven's sake!" I protested. "During school hours! Have you no shame?"

"Don't be a square," she said with a laugh. "I have suffered mother's restrictions long enough. From now on I am going to do what I please. I'm sixteen and single." She began to hum a gay tune in a defiant manner.

"Really Shalu!" I admonished. "Wait till mother hears of this!"

"Yes," she said. "She may surprise you."

"I don't know what you mean," I cried.

"Just breathe a word to mother about this, and see what I do!"

"Are you threatening me?" I asked angrily.

"Look Minoo. Be a sweet pet. We are in a modern age. If we are not allowed to get enough freedom, we have to wrench it. You too ought to do it sometimes. Or else you will turn senile and seventy without knowing how it happened!"

"Enough!" I scolded. "Let's go home."

Mother was pacing the compound worriedly.

"Where on earth were you?" she asked angrily. "I was sick with worry. I've phoned at least two dozen friends."

"Don't look at me," I said, as we went into the brightly lit hall. "Ask Shalu what she did!"

Shalu glared at me, eyes smouldering. But mother's back was towards her and so she did not see her expression.

When mother turned towards her, Shalu assumed a wide-eyed look of innocence.

"Are you trying to blame me for what you did?" she asked me without batting an eyelid.

I was stunned at her impudence and could only ask, "What do you mean?"

"Look mother," she complained tearfully. "I had to wait for her so long in the school. She had sneaked off without saying a word to me. She went out with a boy for a movie. His name is Prakash. She told me when she got back that he had given her an expensive brooch, too. See, she is wearing it now."

I was now wild with rage.

"She's lying, mother!" I screamed. "She gave the brooch to me. She's the one who went to the movie with the boy, not me."

I could see from mother's face that she did not believe me. I could yell denials till I was blue in the face, but she wouldn't be convinced. I had been convicted by the brooch I was wearing.

"Let me see the brooch," mother commanded. I removed it and gave it to her. She examined it and said, "This looks like real gold!"

I glared at Shalu.

"Do you know what kind of girl accepts expensive presents from strange men?" mother yelled at me. I felt a stinging slap on my face. Then she said, "Go to your room and don't come out till I call you. I will return the brooch to the boy."

As I went past Shalu, she hissed in my ear, "I warned you!" I wanted to wring her neck.

When Prakash came the next morning. after a discreet call from Shalu, mother put the brooch in my hand. I passed it to him like an automaton. He took it and said to me bashfully, "I'm sorry."

"You may go now," said mother frigidly. "Please note that both my daughters are well-brought up girls from a respectable family and not tarts to accept gifts from any Tom, Dick and Harry."

The incident was closed as far as mother was concerned. But Shalu's exploits did not end there. This was only the beginning.

She began to wrench more freedom as days passed. Her skirmish with me had given her great power over me. She knew I wouldn't spill any more beans. There were other boys after Prakash, later nights and wilder antics. I was her shield. She had ensured herself of my protection at all times. I told lies for her, made excuses, cooked up stories. I lived in terror of another frame-up.

We were eighteen years old when tragedy struck. Father died. Mother had not expected it. The fact that he had come unscathed through two wars had given her confidence in his longevity. Astrologers whom she had consulted during the tense war years strengthened that confidence by telling her he would live till ninety. That was why she was so stunned when the end came. Not by an enemy shell or bullet through the chest. It was ironic. He was on leave, the first week of it actually. He was going down the steps to tend to the garden when his foot slipped.

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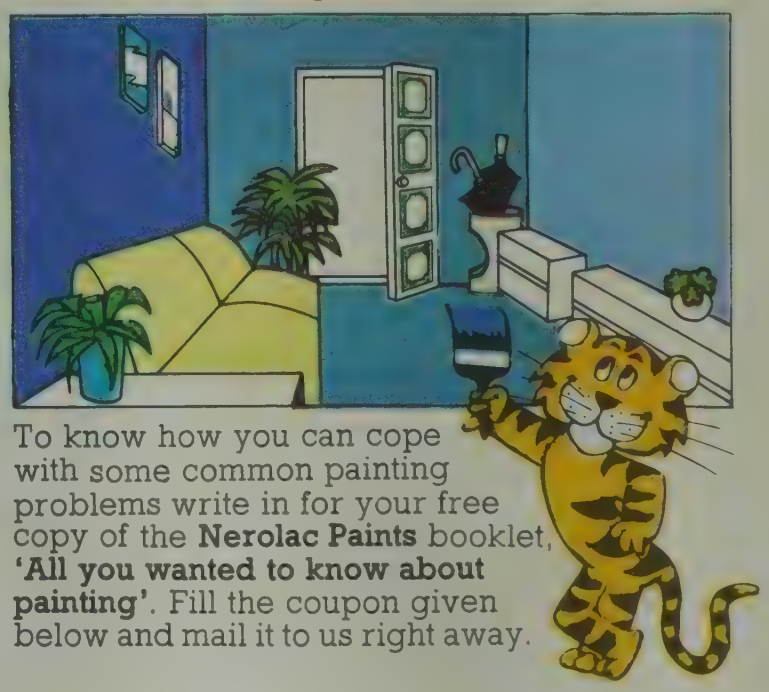
2 How the paint performs depends equally on how the surface is prepared for painting. An ideal surface should be dry, and scraped clean to make it smooth and free from grease, wax, rust and other contaminants.

3 At every stage of paint application, ensure that the surface is completely dry before the next coat is applied.

4 The paint should be stirred well, thinned down suitably and strained before use so as to ensure uniform dispersion.

Despite all the preliminary care and attention you may give to the painting process, there are various defects that might occur like blistering, flaking, cracking, efflorescence, etc. These may be caused due to the cumulative effect of a number of factors such as weather conditions, poor condition of plaster and atmospheric pollution. Therefore, extra care must be taken at the time of painting.



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TRUE CONFESSION

He fell backwards, hit his head on the top step and passed out.

As the years passed, mother shrank into a ghost of her former self. She gradually slid into a world of fantasy where emotions do not touch one. We grew suddenly responsible, assuming roles too big for either of us. We were nursemaids to mother, tiptoeing about the silent house with shawls or soup for an invalid who was not wholly there.

Shalu married one of her many admirers soon after. Maybe to her it was a kind of escape. So I became mother's keeper, tied down to the house, without a moment of leisure. Ultimately, I married too. A man who had a small business in Delhi. It was a match suggested for me by an aged aunt who had my well-being at heart. He was willing to keep mother with us and look after her and it was what I wanted.

I was content. My husband, Viren, was quiet and subdued, quite my temperament. He put up with mother's many quirks and spells of mental aberrations. He was a loving husband and a good provider. We did not have a great deal of money, but then money, I reasoned, is not everything in the world.

But I didn't have any children and this fact sometimes cast a pall of discontent over my life. I had a deep inner yearning to nurture a child in my womb. It was a hunger that often brought me awake with tears in my eyes. If Viren sensed it, he did not mention it. But it brought a certain mechanical element into our love-making, as if it was something we had to go through. Seven years of married life brought a sort of vacuity and yes, I can confess it, even boredom.

Shalu wrote me leters full of fun. They were in Hong Kong. Her husband was in the merchant navy. With a pang of envy I wished I had a roving life like hers — new cities, exotic food, strange languages. Then quickly I stifled the thought. What business had I to hanker after something I would never have?

They say twins are tuned to each other's wave-lengths. Maybe it is a fact. Or else how can I explain Shalu's letter dated the same day I had this thought? It arrived a week later. She was coming to see how the home-bodies were getting along. I was delighted. Shalu, with her bubbling mirth, would be like a breath of fresh air.

It was a great reunion. Shalu and I had been so close in spirit during our school days that we found we had to catch up on a tremendous backlog. There was so much to chat about and the time was not enough.

The very first day of our confidences, Shalu said, "Wow, your Viren is quite a looker!"

"Eyes off," I said with a laugh.

"No, tell me honestly," she said, playfully. "Are you happy?"

"Well..."

"Don't tell me you're dying to switch places with me."

I looked at her amazed. How had she sensed my thoughts?

"My dear girl, your boredom is evident on your face," she said. "It screams out for notice." She opened her suitcase. "Look what I've brought you," she said. "A Japanese kimono. Now wear it, will you? And let's see you shed some of those inhibitions."

I was still in it when Viren came back from work. I had given Shalu one of my sarees because she wanted to lounge in some comfortable cotton instead of all those jazzy synthetics. She had dropped off to sleep on the sofa after our tete a tete. Now when Viren tiptoed in and planted himself squarely in front of her and playfully pinched her arm, she woke with a start.

"Sleeping away, are you, while our guest is slogging with the tea and snacks?"

"VIREN," I SAID, "ACTUALLY, I AM YOUR WIFE AND SHE IS MY SISTER." HE STARED AT ME AND THEN BURST OUT LAUGHING. "YOU HAVE A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOUR, SHALU."

I turned from the dining table where I had been arranging snacks on a tray. It took Shalu and me a moment to realise his mistake. She sat up and kept up the game. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Shalu," she said. "I just dropped off to sleep. Get away from there, will you, that is my domain. You're the one who should do the relaxing."

She winked at me when his back was turned. I retreated to sit on the sofa. Viren went in to change and wash. To my surprise, Shalu said. "Will you pour the tea, Shalu? Please, while I go and give Viren his clothes!"

Before I could protest, she had gone into the bedroom after him and closed the door. I was tense with rage when they emerged, but there was a softness about her face which told its own tale. Viren said to her as she took a tray for mother, "Minoo, it appears your sister has wrought a remarkable change in you!"

"Viren," I said, "Actually, I am your wife and she is my sister."

He stared at me and then burst out laughing. "You have a great sense of humour, Shalu," he said. "Now pass me some sandwiches. I'm famished." I wanted to throw the whole plate at his face but forebore with great self-control.

The next day, when Shalu and I were alone again, she said, "Your Viren is simply fantastic. I wouldn't mind spending a few months here."

"Shalu," I said. "I thought marriage would have changed you, but I find you're still the same incorrigible nymphomaniac. If you don't leave Viren alone, I will kill you."

"Don't be a wet blanket, Minoo," she said. "After all, what do you have to lose? You were bored. I have spread some happiness around. Just imagine the possibilities! We can fool our own husbands!" She was giggling with mirth.

"I'm sure they wouldn't be any the wiser even if I stayed back here as you and you went to Hong Kong as me."

I thought she was joking, but apparently she was in earnest. "Say, why don't we really do it?" she said.

"Don't be silly. I want none of your scatter-brained schemes."

"Be a sport, Minoo. We'll do it for a lark," she said. "It will be just for a month or two. Then you pretend you're visiting me again and we switch places once more."

"No!"

"Look at the excitement you'll experience. The thrill of travel. Omar is a great lover too. You'll see new places. Eat the most exotic food. You've got into too much of a rut around here."

"Look, Shalu, count me out of this crazy idea."

She looked at me. "You'd be a damn fool to pass up this opportunity to travel," she said. "For God's sake, it is not for a lifetime I'm asking you to swap places. It is just to give you a break for a couple of months."

"No," I said again.

She looked straight at me. Shalu is like that. When she wants a thing, she generally gets it. "If you value your happiness, do what I say," she said.

The memory of the old days was still stark. With cold-blooded calculation, she had made me the culprit in mother's eyes. What might she not do now to disgrace me in Viren's?

The mistake was that I fell in with her plan. Two months she said. It did not turn out like either of us expected. A month and a half after I had been with Omar, Shalu died in a scooter smash in Delhi. We were somewhere in the middle of the Pacific. The message came to me in the cabin. It had been radioed. Omar put a gentle hand on my shoulder. "I feel sorry for Viren," he said. "But there's nothing you can do now by going, is there?"

I wanted to tell him there was. I yearned to tell him my place was with my husband, Viren, where I had had security and contentment. That it was he himself who was a widower, not Viren at all. I wanted to confess our crazy plan, but my tongue was tied. The secret Shalu and I had thought up had died with her. If I told them about the madcap plan, what guarantee was there that Viren would accept me back after I had spent a month and a half with another man?

Silence was best, I decided, yes, silence. Even though I had come to hate this life that I had once hankered after. Even though I detested Omar's philandering and the crazy parties where they swapped partners like people changed clothes, where they drank themselves silly till the wee hours of the morning. The worst part was the fact that Omar considered children encumberances, best avoided. This meant I would never have the pleasure of bearing a child or even adopting one. It might have been possible with Viren, I reflected ruefully.

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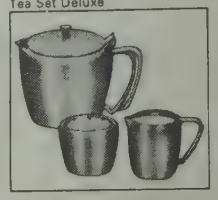

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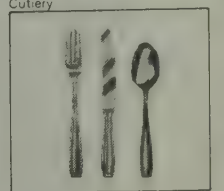

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A STITCH IN TIME...

Continued from page 15

caused her some psychological jolt, but she would have resumed her normal life a little later. This was however not to be because she was subjected to a good deal of social obloquy and she became a neurotic. Fortunately, she consulted a counseller who helped her in accepting her new marital status and she gradually learned to face her social situation. And after a few months she developed a fresh circle of friends who accepted her and helped her to resume her normal life.

Legal complications because of loopholes in our laws often create complications for counsellors. Mrs. A's husband had abondoned her to live with another woman. At the age of 38, after 20 years marriage, she was suddenly confronted with the problem of fending for herself and her three children. She came for assistance, utterly crushed and broken, in need of understanding and help. After a few weeks of therapy she was able to develop some confidence in herself, and gave up clinging to the forlorn hope that her husband would come back to her. However, the practical problem of living still remained. On one hand, being untrained for any profession, she had no means of earning a living, while on the other, her husband refused to give her enough money to live on.

"Isn't there some way my husband's employers can help me?" she asked.

Inquiries were made. They were sympathetic, but could do nothing. Her husband's private life was not their concern. If she could get a court order requiring the company to deduct a certain amount from his salary and hand it over to her, they would be glad, to do so. The law being dilatory. Mrs. A. became disillusioned with the counselling and lapsed into a disturbed state.

In the case of Mrs. K., the wife of a government official, the problem was of a slightly different nature. She had been severely battered by her husband on many occasions in their 25 years of marriage. In addition, he had deprived her of house keeping money. She had sold her jewellery and had done odd jobs in order to survive. When she could neither earn nor sell anything to buy provisions, she came for assistance. Counselling was effective only in restoring her mental balance. Deciding that she no longer desired to live with her husband and bear his physical and mental cruelty, she wanted the law to sanction her a maintenance. Burdened with the task of bringing up four children, Mrs. K. wanted a reasonable financial settlement whereas the law allowed her only a small percentage of the man's income. Realising that the allowance could hardly give her a roof over her head, Mrs. K. had to accept the husband's brutality for the sake of the children.

Once she was battered so badly that she was driven to lodge a complaint at the local police station, but she withdrew it because, as she said, if he was arrested, "I will lose even the roof over my head. Where will I go with my four children?"

The cases of these two women are not isolated instances. Problems like these are encountered frequently in our society. Apparently the law provides little protection for women who are totally dependent on their husbands for survival. Our laws need to take cognisance of the personal, social and financial difficulties of women compelled to live separately.

Needless to say, no foolproof method exists today whereby happiness can be restored to disturbed and unhappy individuals. However, if our attitude towards such people can be changed to be more understanding, a great deal can be done to bring them back to normalcy. After all, one unhesitatingly goes to a medical practitioner when physically sick, so why should there be any shame in going to a psychotherapist when mentally ill?

HEART TO HEART

Mrs. Kamlesh Nischol, a well-known Psychologist/Research Consultant, is the Director of the Gujarat Research Society Counselling Unit, Delhi, and is directing a project on "Problems of Single Working Women." She is Consultant to UNICEF projects dealing with Sexist Bias in Educational Materials.

She was in Australia with various Universities specialising in Marriage Counselling and Behavioural Problems. She is an ex-Director of the Indian Social Institute of Delhi: Counselling and Studies of Women's Problems. She has published papers on a number of subjects — problems of women and children, sex, marriage, orientation courses for teachers on sexism, delinquency among the elite and other related problems.

Mrs. Nischol will answer readers' problems in our "Heart to Heart" column every fortnight, beginning with our issue dated November 15, 1980.

THE LOTTERY TICKET

Continued from page 27

"Ah, there comes the train," murmured Govinda with a relieved sigh. He scanned the crowds thronging the platform for a likely prey. A well-dressed gentleman arguing vehemently with the T.E. among a host of people, caught his eye. He had a bulging hip-pocket, too. Govinda decided on his victim for the day. He eased his way carefully through the crowd pretending to locate a passenger. When he got near the crowd around the T.C. he edged close to his unsuspecting victim. Just a few seconds with his blade and the purse was in his hand.

Govinda was always well-dressed and didn't resemble our filmi villains one iota. So nobody noticed him in the crowd. When the train left and the platform emptied, he inspected his spoils eagerly. The purse was of good quality. It had four compartments. The first contained a lot of addresses and visiting cards. The second had some loose change. The third had some receipts and bills. The fourth — ah, it was bulging. Its contents looked like a thick wad of currency.

A look of surprise and chagrin, mingled with fury, covered his face as he saw the first piece — it was a Punjab State Lottery ticket. Numbers had always fasinated him and its number was K-46549. He tore it in a fit of anger, crumpled the pieces into a ball and throw it on the railway track disgustedly. The others were all lottery tickets, too. He was about to throw them away too, but suddenly changed his mind and put them in the purse again. You never know.

* * *

"They've published the results of the U.P. and Punjab lotteries in today's paper. Let's have a look," said Kusum as they were having breakfast. "I've noted the numbers of all your tickets." She went to the dressing table and coming back with her diary she scanned the numbers quickly at first, then slowly, comparing the numbers in her diary with those on the paper.

"Punjab State lottery... one lakh prize for ticket No — K 46549. My God! That's your ticket number!" exclaimed Kusum. Prashant sat up suddenly. "I've finally made it, I am a rich man now," he crowed and caught Kusum in his arms and executed a complicated jig. "Kusum, get my purse," he said, excitedly.

"Your purse? Have you forgotten?" said a suddenly chastened Kusum.

"Oh God! I completely forgot the purse fiasco," said Prashant in dismay, sinking into his chair, his face a picture of misery.

* * *

Govinda was checking up the lottery tickets, too. He had a wad of them. "Let's see my luck today," he thought and began to scan through the numbers. "Hmm...U.P..." He tore it up. He glanced at the results of the Punjab State lottery, paused, stopped short. He chewed his nails in vexed frustration. The only subject Govinda had adored in school had been Maths. He had a fantastic, photographic memory for numbers. He remembered the number on the torn and abandoned lottery ticket. It was K-46549.

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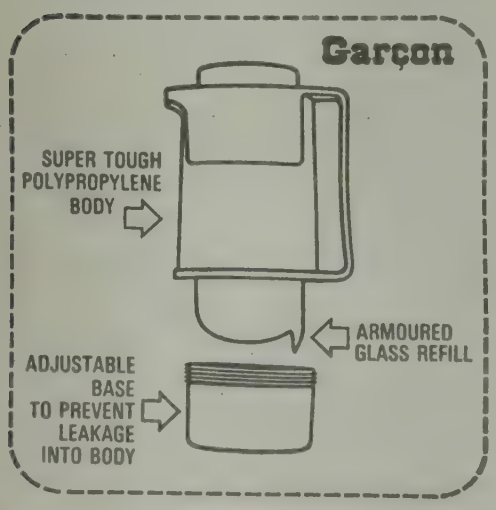

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PASSING THROUGH

ANNA WOHLIN ANDERSSON AND EIVOR NILSSON

INSIDE SWEDEN

Eivor Nilsson (left) and Anna Wohlin Andersson

Mrs. Anna Wohlin Andersson and Mrs. Eivor Nilsson, women members of the Swedish Parliament, were in the capital recently, on the invitation of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations. Their field of interests were wide, covering youth, women, education, religion and agriculture. Their tour itinerary in India and neighbouring countries has been extensive, covering the whole gamut of their interests. The ladies had made it a point to meet Indian women representatives from political, educational, cultural and social fields.

Talking to the Swedish ladies, one felt that each country in the world boasted of constitutional and legal safeguards about women, yet the traditional hangovers — social, economic and political — persisted almost alike everywhere. And, with the latter-day demands on women, combining housewifery with jobs outside, it was getting tougher for them. Sweden, with material prosperity ever on the increase, was no exception to the syndrome.

I asked Mrs. Eivor Nilsson, a medical nurse by profession, why Sweden has the highest suicide rate in the world.

Unfortunately, said Mrs. Nilsson, in Sweden there has been a break-up of the traditional family. Religion does not mean much to the people. Material prosperity has led to large-scale disorientation, disaffection and dissatisfaction. The youth try to express their own brand of ideological commitment. "Alcoholism and drug addiction, rampant among the young are our biggest problems," she stressed.

The older people, on the other hand, have difficulty in keeping up with youth radicalism. Lonely, isolated and rootless, they are ill at ease. Mental problems amongst them are increasing, leading to considerable number of suicides. "This has created a distressing situation."

Mrs. Nilsson however, added that the overall situation was not helpless or grim. There are popular movements of all sections, including women's, which are committed to change the society. How to take care of old people and involve them in the new social set up, how to take care of children, single women with children, unwed and divorced women, how to solve youth delinquency, how to give equal opportunity to women in employment. Women discuss social subjects concerning women on party lines. The media reflect these activities and criticise social deviations.

Mrs. Anna Wohlin Andersson, a sturdy farmer (she grows wheat and oats on her farm) said in reply to my question that in Sweden the home is still the place for women. "When it comes to the question of who is to be responsible for home and children, usually the women accept the role while the husband remains the bread-earner. In the urban areas most household jobs are shared by the young couples, though.

When I asked her about the welfare state of Sweden, Mrs. Andersson replied, "We have a very progressive tax structure. Within a capitalist system, we offer welfare services for everyone." The wide range of welfare services, from the general child allowance, housing subsidy, pre-natal care for mothers, child care, meals at school, pensions, national health insurance and home help for the elderly people, have cumulatively helped improve women's conditions.

In reply to a question about family planning, she said: "Family planning is considered crucial in our welfare schemes. The result is that the birth rate has dropped off in recent years. Half of all Swedish families have only one child; while one-third have two children."

There are other problems, Mrs. Andersson elucidated. Many Swedish welfare schemes are of necessity connected with children. A third of all children born in Sweden have unwed parents. Single parents get certain social benefits that married couples or those who are living together don't get. Divorce laws in Sweden are drawn up, keeping in view what would be the best deal for the child. Custody of the child/children goes to the mother or the father, as the court rules. "It can also be shared, with both parents being responsible for the child — a provision perhaps unique to Sweden," she added.

"Women are very active in Trade Unions, sometimes too

ATTEMPTS AT EQUALITY

Out of a total Swedish population of 8.3 million, a little more than a half are women. 71 per cent of all women between the ages of 16 and 64 are gainfully employed. Swedish women have a right to be employed in almost any job (even in military careers since 1978). At present out of a total of 349 members in the Swedish Parliament, 79 are women; six are members of the Cabinet. They are represented in political parties, municipal jobs, trade unions and other associations.

Yet there is discrimination in the labour market in Sweden. Out of the 300 occupations listed, women are only represented in 25. In public administration, education, medicine and social welfare, the tilt is in their favour — 49 per cent compared with 17 per cent of men. These two fields turn out to be different in wage scales and structure. Occupations that are poorly paid are held mainly by females. They are also in a minority at the leadership level.

Sweden's National Board of Education has however, come out recently with a novel proposal: the "Sex Role Project". Under this scheme the study of technology would be made compulsory for girls while boys would be familiarised with care vocations. The Committee on Equality has been making concerted efforts to get women into male-dominated professions and channeling more men into care vocations, besides opening up chances of promotion for professional women.

The Swedish official position is that both men and women must take active part in family chores, as well as work outside the home. The parenthood insurance scheme is a pointer in this direction. During the first six months of a child's birth, the father or the mother has the right to parenthood — leave of absence with pay. The parents can share this paid leave. In addition, they receive three months of paid leave divided between them — one parent relinquishing it in favour of the other. They can take leave of absence from work should they need to take care of sick children or attend to some critical problem in their development. Since 1979, the law permits the parents to cut their work day by two hours until their children are 8 years old.

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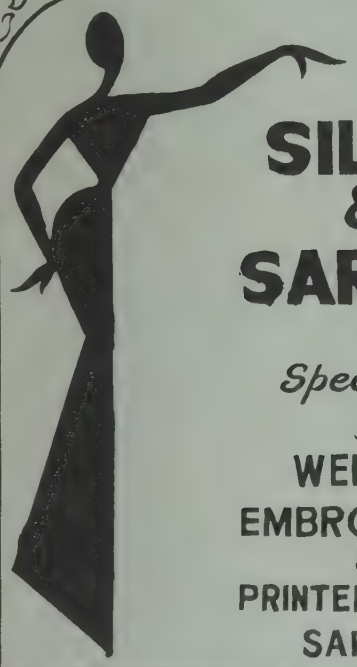

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PASSING THROUGH

active," Mrs. Andersson emphasised, "but are very much under-represented in them." In agricultural schools and colleges and cooperatives (Sweden is a land of cooperatives), 50 per cent of the enrolled are women. "We have a system of 'Ombudsmen' for seeking rightful opportunities for employment for women," she explained.

Concluding the interview, Mrs. Andersson said: "Most of our problems, however, are not economic but social. Fortunately, our people, including the youngsters are becoming increasingly aware of these problems and responding positively to build family structures anew and apply moral strictures in day to day life."

Asha Dhar

THE CALL OF THE ROAD

MARIANNE HOEPFNER & ODA ANDERSEN

"Watch out; there's a lady at the wheel!" The male chauvinist pigs of this world have invariably used the phrase mockingly, considering piloting a car to be an essentially male-dominated province ever since the invention of the automobile. But in the case of experienced Kenyan rallyist Shekhar Mehta, the phrase takes on a wholly positive meaning.

"My greatest challenge will come from Achim Warmbold, Joginder Singh, Wolfgang Siller and Marianne Hoepfner and her all-women crew," avered the bespectacled Mehta, when asked to assess his chances of winning the first-ever Himalayan Rally. "They are all vastly experienced and determined drivers."

For the last-named of the four it was a big tribute from one who has made his mark as one of the foremost rally drivers of our age. But then, Marianne Hoepfner of France, who is a full-time driver currently on a professional contract for the Castrol-Toyota team, fully deserves the praise. For the lady has several international events behind her. She first shot into prominence when she was placed 13th in the 1977 London-Sydney Rally; and improved tremendously upon her performance later the same year by winning the prestigious Le Mans. She also has the Tour de France title under her belt; and has participated with distinction in the Tour de Europe, Rally du Bandana, Giro d'Italia and Rally Marracc, among others.

Despite her many successes behind the wheel, Marianne acknowledges the current superiority of men over women in car-driving. "Several women drivers try to claim equality with men, but I don't think we can," is her unassuming assertion. "Basically, I think there is a psychological barrier in women that tends to make them more careful than men. We therefore lose out on that little extra that makes all the difference between the best and the also-rans." But though there may not be many women right at the top as yet. Marianne is quick to add that, "There are many women drivers today who are far better than many men in the profession. I'll be ahead of most of them in the Himalayan."

Photo : Firoze Mistry

Oda Andersen (left) and Marianne Hoepfner.

Marianne, a slightly-built, soft-spoken girl with short hair and a round face, had no difficulty at all in finding a sponsor for the Himalayan. The current European women's rally champion was induced by her counterpart among the men, Achim Warmbold, to drive on the Castrol-Toyota team. Warmbold recognised the immense publicity value of an all-woman team, and got his own sponsors to put an identical Toyota Celica 2000 car at Marianne's disposal.

Before the start of the rally, Marianne and her co-driver Oda Dencker-Andersen did a reconnaissance of the route, that covers 5300 km. of the most rugged territory in India. Starting from Bombay, the road led the drivers into Pune via Mahad; then northwards into Aurangabad, across the dense forests and craggy hills of Madhya Pradesh, through the desert wastelands into the thickly-wooded Indo-Gangetic plain, and then up towards the dizzy heights of the Himalayas themselves. As Iesse Owens put it, "The drive promises to hurl muck, water, sand, dust, snow and ice at the participants — all the discomforts a driver can think of, and yet about 75 teams have had enough derring-do to take up the Maharaja's gauntlet." The Himalayan has been sponsored by Air-India, who has flown in the rally cars from abroad, and whose helmeted Maharaja has formed its mascot.

After returning from her recce a couple of days before the actual start of the Rally, Marianne was quite overwhelmed by the hurdy-gurdy of the route. It is a new experience for a driver from abroad to encounter our crowds, our pedestrians who are blissfully unconscious of traffic laws against jay-walking, our truck drivers who are total road-hogs and will not move over to the side of the road, come hell or high water.

The start was promising and with the rally already two days old, Marianne and Oda maintained their fourth position right until Aurangabad, accumulating a negligible number of penalty points.

But at Aurangabad, the trouble started. A howling mass of humanity, numbering about 200 descended upon the leading vehicles, and began thumping and damaging them. The crowd, which had been incited by local political toughs, who had taken the cue from Lok Dal leader George Fernandes' call to block the rally wherever possible, broke the windshield of the Toyota with a shower of stones, and dented it. A couple of hooligans even climbed on to the bonnet, and danced on it. The T.V. camera which Marianne and Oda had mounted in front near the bonnet was dismantled and looted before the terrified women (understandably!) could gather their wits about them and the police seemed to have done nothing to control the mob

The call to cancel the Rally shortly before it was due to start had been given by 'George the Giant-killer', who felt that in these days of fuel shortage, India could ill-afford the costly import of octane that the cars would be burning up along the route. But having failed to get the Rally cancelled, he tried to disrupt it in this lawless fashion. The flag-off from Aurangabad had to be delayed by almost six hours, and the cars re-routed to circumnavigate more demonstrations planned along the route.

The experience must surely have caused Marianne to modify her opinion about the average Indian. Until the start of the rally, she had found us a warm, friendly nation and had expressed a desire to visit the country again, regularly, preferably for an annual Rally. But now, she told newsmen in Aurangabad, "I will never return to India. We were told not to hit people and cattle but we never expected people to hit us." Driving keeps her busy, and she spends a lot of time away from home; but when she returns to the farm in France near the West German border, she devotes her full time to her husband and her two sons, aged 17 and 10.

"I never allow my children to watch me drive in any event," she says. "That takes away my concentration. Or maybe, if I had a small accident, the children would get very worried and I would panic thinking about them getting worried in the stands." Marianne, incidentally, also drives in Grand Prix races.

Marianne and Oda, her co-driver, make a perfect team. The former does most of the driving, while Oda concentrates on the difficult job of navigating. They say, in a tough rally, the equation between man and machine would give 70 per cent to human endeavour and skill and 30 per cent to the car. The human factor is shared by the driver and the navigator. "It's not fair that the driver alone should get all the credit for winning," avers Marianne, stressing upon the important role a navigator plays.

It is to be fervently hoped that the Himalayan Rally, which is a step in the right direction, will become an annual affair, though the harassment the drivers have undergone, makes this a remote possibility. At the time of going to press comes the news that Marrianne and Oda have come in second and it would be a pity if we in India do not have the chance of observing and paying tribute to the courage and skill of all-women teams like Marianne and Oda in an otherwise male-dominated field.

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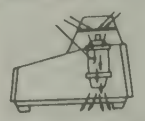

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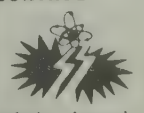

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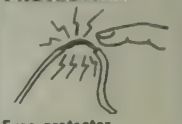

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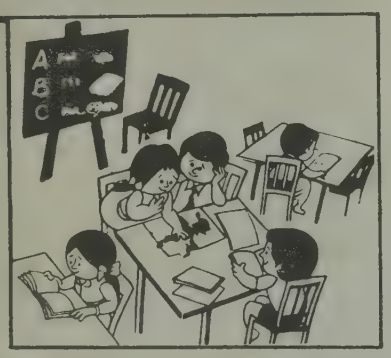

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WANTED: MORE POSITIVE PORTRAYALS

Jeetendra, Hema Malini and Master Raju in Gulzar's "Khushboo".

A woman's confusion regarding her identity. Smita Patil and Amol Palekar in "Bhumika".

RIGHT: Dina Pathak, A K. Hangal and Tarla Mehta in "Sara Akash", which portrayed a submissive bride whose only salvation lay in her ultimate acceptance by the husband.

THE FESTIVAL OF WOMEN'S FILMS HELD IN DELHI RECENTLY WAS A POSITIVE FIRST STEP TOWARDS IMPROVING THE IMAGE OF WOMEN IN INDIAN CINEMA

Gouri Salvi

Said Chidananda Das Gupta (Editor, "Span"), introducing the theme of the festival of women s films in New Delhi: "There is a churning up in the nation, of ideas and ideals on the one hand, and those individuals wanting to perpetuate anti-women concepts on the other... It is very obvious, when we see Indian films today, that it is only those film makers who have not placed money before social good, who are the ones who have not exploited women. These kind of artistes then take on a certain similarity to social reformers. . ."

This was the starting point, as it were, for the discussions following the films screened on five consecutive days (October 2-6) encompassing the main theme of the Seminar: "Cinematic Images of the Indian Woman." The screenings and seminars were organised largely by the Alliance Francaise de Delhi, with help from interested women, leading among whom was Meera Dewan. The films shown were: "Bhumika" (Shyam Benegal), "Sara Aakash" (Basu Chatterjee), "Duniya Na Mane" (V. Shantaram), "Ankur" (Shyam Benegal), "Ghatashraddha" (Girish Kasaravalli), "Charulata" (Satyajit Ray), "Meghe Dhaka Tara" (Ritwick Ghatak), "Khushboo" (Gulzar), "Ek Din Pratidin" (Mrinal Sen), a token but relevant French film, "Gervaise" (Rene Clement) and a specially though hurriedly put-together short audio-visual presentation, "After All, I Am A Woman" (Meera Dewan).

Among those who participated in the seminars as panelists on various days were film makers Kumar Shahani, Mrinal Sen and Girish Kasaravalli, actresses Tanuja and Shabana Azmi. Chindananda Das Gupta, Mr. Nair (Curator, Film Archives, Pune), Mrs. Pramila Kapur (psychologist), Mrs. Veena Mazumdar (sociologist) and Aruna Roy Vasudev (film critic). The screenings were arranged so that normally two films were shown each day, with the discussions following in the evenings based on a different topic every day. The specific themes examined were categorised under broad heads like, Crisis of Identity, Politics of Family, Society versus Women, Women and Myths, Working women as a Threat. The films shown provided take off points for the talks and cross-fire of pertinent, provoking, heated, (often chaotic!) questions from the audience to the representative film makers and other panelists.

In a brochure produced for the occasion, Meera Dewan had briefly listed what was hoped to be achieved through this Seminar. She said, "We hope to be ready to celebrate .. that the years of neglect are over. We hope to achieve this by: i) assessing the trend that emerges from the films seen and discussed, ii) reviewing the images portrayed on the screen in the light of reality outside the screen iii) creating a meeting ground for the enthused, creative minds of the film makers on the one hand and the rational analytical minds of the academicians on the other, iv) creating an awareness among viewers that rejects the stereotype female images and thereby recognises the need for more films with positive, realistic portrayals of women, v) motivating women into consciously rejecting films which perpetuate subversive myths about their own weaknesses, and vi) motivating film makers and actresses into depicting women as integrated, human, self-respecting individuals. Furthermore, to create positive "model" roles that serve to inspire and direct.

With these in mind, the screenings and seminars began. Com-

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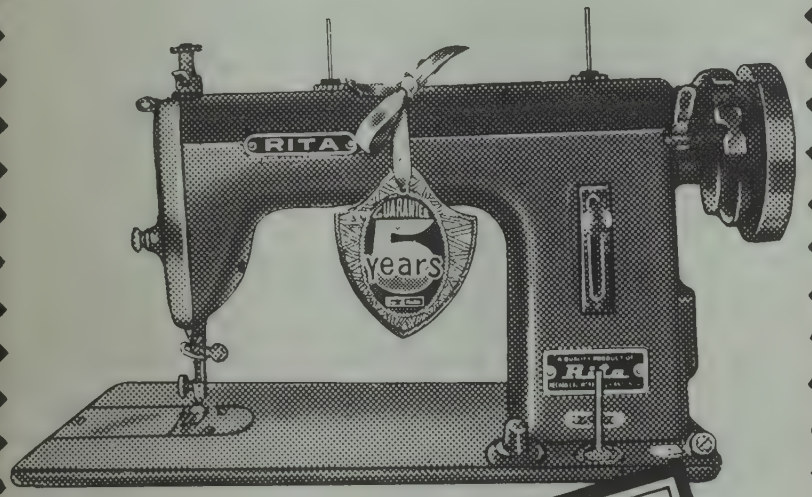

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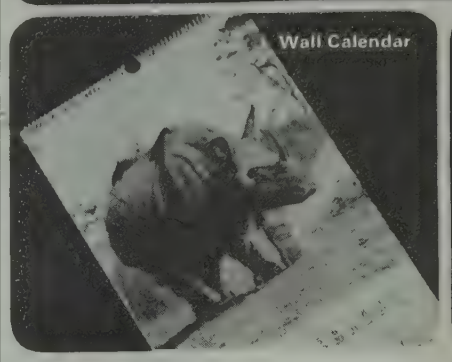

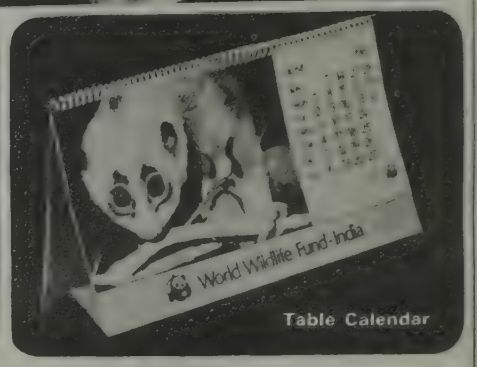

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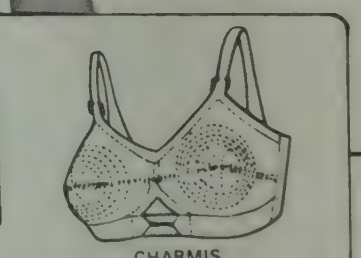
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WANTED: MORE POSITIVE PORTRAYALS

mented Mrs. Pramila Kapur, regarding the theme of the first day, The Crisis of Identity, depicted through the two films, "Bhumika" and "Gervaise", "There are two contradictory poles tearing women apart. One is the self-image which is traditional and which exists due to a socialisation process. The other is the liberal/radical image that occurs due to socio-economic changes in the situation. What today's two films brought out was the fact that although men have accepted working wives, they will not normally tolerate her liberty, her assertion of individuality. The woman's confusion regarding her identity is apparent in that she is constantly trying to find herself through relationships with various men, and then ultimately, she returns to her traditional role. I feel these kind of films are redundant today. Instead of apparent reality, film makers now ought to portray the expected, hoped for image of the woman. . ."

This sentiment was supported by Veena Mazumdar, when she said, "What is most striking about these films is that the women are being exploited despite being the primary supporters of their families. Although they were the sole wage earners, no member of the family gives them the position due to them. They are still treated as 'daughters' and never as 'sons.' Also interesting is the fact that both women are ultimately defeated. And this happens because they were both 'dependent' — even if not economically. And when these ties break, they are defeated. I feel this shows some kind of a prejudice on the part of the film maker, whereby women are shown weaker than they actually are. In the course of my profession, I have come across so many women and I know that this is not really, true. Women, especially working women, are so used to struggling for survival, they do not give in or break down so easily. . ."

Putting forward the film maker's view, Kumar Shahani pointed out, "Most Indian cinema seems to attack the very being of women, and it never fails to amaze me that women patronise these kind of films! It's not so much a question of 'identity', but of 'survival'. To improve the image of the woman in Indian cinema, we as film makers need the help of women themselves. . . to attack the kind of culture that Indian cinema portrays. We all have to realise that by portraying the ideal (Sati Savitri type) woman, she is in fact, **not** allowed to survive. . ."

From day two, when Politics of Family was the set theme, after the screening of the films "Sara Aakash" and "Duniya Na Mane", the seminar took a significantly different turn. The scope of the discussions now broadened as they examined and analysed how, even in the case of the so-called "new wave experimental" films, ultimately, the image of the woman remains the same — tradition-bound, cossetted by conditioning and conventions, unable to break away from the restrictions that cause her to curb her own development towards becoming a complete person. In fact, it was noted with a lot of ironic amusement, that a film like "Duniya Na Mane", produced in 1937, showed the woman protagonist in a considerably more positive light than the woman in Basu Catterjee's "Sara Aakash" produced as recently as the early 1970's. Neera, the young heroine of Shantaram's "Duniya Na Mane" certainly displayed more of identity and a distinct mind of her own, than did the "educated" but submissive bride of "Sara Aakash," whose only salvation, it seemed to appear, lay in her ultimate acceptance by the husband — this, regardless of the fact, that right through the film's footage, she had been thoroughly and illogically humiliated by the man. As one of the women in the audience pointed out, "So much for progress!"

"It is quite obvious," said Kumar Shahani, "that a new kind of realism has to be developed. Certainly, 'Duniya Na Mane,' like most other Independence movement films, was more reformist that revolutionary. However, the realism of many of the new films too is deceptive, and is in fact, often regressive. The 'location' shooting — like the very genuine middle-class home shown in 'Sara Aakash,' — gives the impression of realism. But this is only a very superficial kind of realism which does not go deep at all. . ."

Mr. Nair (Curator, Film Archives), summed up very succinctly, the futility of even the new films which claim to portray women more realitically than the crass commercial cinema. "With the new kind of films," he observed, "there is **some** commitment. But when it means coming to grips with the theme, these film makers have cold feet. In the process of wanting to reach the last person in the audience, the purpose of the film is somehow lost and diluted. And this is certainly more disturbing than making a totally unrealistic film. . ." For in the case of the commercial cinema, the viewers at least know that what they are seeing is pure fantasy, whereas in the case of the so-called new wave films, the audiences tend to take what they see a lot more seriously.

Exposing the cruel and inhuman justice of the Brahmin caste. Meena and Ajit Kumar in "Ghatashraddha".

Two of the most starkly shocking films were Girish Kasaravalli's "Ghatashraddha" (Kannada) and Ritwick Ghatak's "Meghe Dhaka Tara" (Bengali) — the former exposing the cruel and Inhuman injustice of the Brahmin caste which heartlessly excommunicates by a religious ritual, a young widow who has an illicit relationship, and the latter showing the unfair and exploitative demands a family makes on its eldest working daughter, causing her to sacrifice almost everything she has — her youth, a possible marriage and eventually even her health — for the sake of her family's welfare. Although in both these films too, as in most of the others, the women are ultimately shown "defeated" by the prevailing religious/socio-economic conditions yet, "Ghatashraddha" and "Meghe Dhaka Tara" were so shattering in their impact that the audience was left stunned. The films moved almost every single person who saw them to ask a million questions. They caused (particularly in the case of Kasaravalli's film) a reaction of white hot anger at the almost barbarous treatment meted out to women. Even the most militant woman in the auditorium sat still in her seat as the film came to an end, her eyes moist with tears of rage.

When Girish Kasaravalli was asked why he chose this theme of the ritual of Ghatashraddhh, showing the excommunication of a helpless young girl, his explanation was quite startling. "The religious ritual," said the soft-spoken, unpretentious filmmaker, "may not exist today, but the attitudes towards women, particularly widows, is exactly the same. If the woman has any relationships, she is immediately socially ostracized. The film was shot in my home village, Kasaravalli. Do you know, when I went there and the people asked me what the movie was about, the moment I uttered the word ghatashraddha, not a single person in that village allowed me to film at his or her house. Ultimately, the entire film was shot in my own house there. And then there was this one particular long shot that I wanted of the village streets. There was such hostility from the people there that I had to finally contact the local MLA and get police protection until I had complted those shots. So you can understand the kind of narrow-minded social and moral attitudes that still exist in these areas, particularly towards women. I am sure such is

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My son, Sunder, said to me, "Dad, my friend Arun says to tell you there's going to be a fancy dress party at his uncle's bungalow on Saturday. We kids will be allowed to watch, but grown-ups will have to come in costumes. You and Mum are invited. Will you come?"

"Sure," I said daringly. "What have I got to lose but my dignity?"

Sunder said, "What's dignity?" I sighed and said, "I'll explain tomorrow. Now go tell Mum."

I said to Susie a little later, "Where do we go for costumes?" Sunder who heard me said, "Don't worry. Arun's friend, Denzil has hundreds." That would be dinky for Denzil if he ever wanted to hide from the cops.

So we all trooped to Arun's uncle's bungalow on Saturday in a borrowed car with the windows curtained. The room was as big as a polo field. We had dressed Susie up as a Queen Victoria after padding her in the logical places. I came as Santa Claus without Rudolph. The beard I had on my chin wouldn't have fooled the village idiot.

Music came blasting from loud speakers on the walls. People were dancing like Red Indians on totem night. Because the music was so loud, people sitting out were talking loudly enough to drown out six brass bands. Susie and I got up and danced. I had to hold her two feet in front of me because of the pillow under my belt. A bathing beauty danced by. Maybe the evening would be a sizzle yet.

During a break, I said, "I've got a thirst like a dying camel." Little Sushila handed me a bag in which there reposed a bottle of the best. The best I can afford, I mean. I hauled it out like a kid emptying his Christmas stocking. There were thousands of sodas on a side table. I built Susie and myself a drink strong enough to derail the Deccan Queen. The kids drank orange juice straight from the bottle.

I looked around. Great! I could recognise a Robin Hood complete with dangling sword at his side. There was a Catherine the Great, a Mona Lisa, a Captain Blood who must have had Errol Flynn spinning in his grave, a Henry the VIII, a Cleopatra fit to send Liz Taylor into stitches, a Rip Van Winkle (I think), a Rani of Jhansi, a Tippu Sultan and scores of others. We circulated and talked. The "grown-ups" were drinking a little more than they should.

The music started up again with renewed violence. It sounded a little insane so I said, "What's that tune called?" Sunder informed me it was called "Three Dog Night." To me, it sounded like sixty-three. The bathing beauty was doing things on the floor that would have qualified her for the Great Golden Circus. I looked at her hopefully. Any moment now, that bikini would hit the breeze. Susie saw me looking at her and said, "Dear, watch your pulse." Someone at my side dressed up as Cyrano whatever-his-name-was, wiggled his nose and said, "That's Gloria. She has more nerve than a meat stall." I reserved that line in my mind so I could use it here.

Arun came to us at the head of a procession of waiters. They were loaded with enough snacks to keep a cinema audience happy. That boy does things in style. The grown-ups were soon showing signs of alcoholic wear and tear, including Susie's greatest love. We danced again. I look care to steer clear of a masked man with awicked-looking axe strapped to his belt. If he went into a flap, I thought, heads would roll.

It happened in the crush when we were going out of the door. Robin Hood was as drunk as a shipload of sailors on Christmas Day. He'd also lost his scabbard. He tripped and, in the general confusion, his sword went into Sushila's knee. She screamed. She wasn't hurt but she could have been. If there had happened to be one drop of blood I'd have shot Robin Hood with a borrowed arrow.

One thing I know, dear ladies. The next time I go to one of these "bust-ups," I'll go as a knight in two suits of armour.

See you!

SUNNY

WANTED: MORE POSITIVE PORTRAYALS

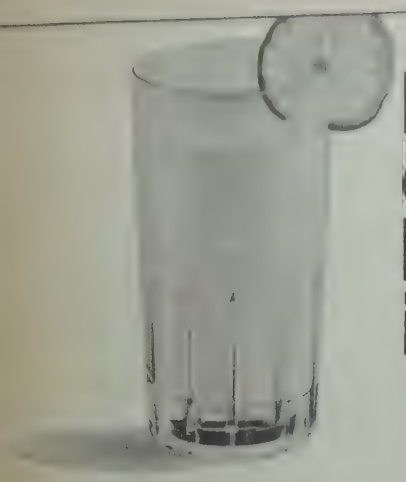
the case in several other parts of India too."

Mrinal Sen's new film, Ek Din Pratidin", produced a lot of incensed response from the audience. The film was the story of one night in a middle-class home, when the working daughter who is supporting the entre family, fails to return in the evening. The film deals with the reactions, worries and thoughts of the family. It deals, on another level, with the suspicions that women are regarded with, if they so much as happen to transgress the limitations (even limitations of time) society has laid down for them.

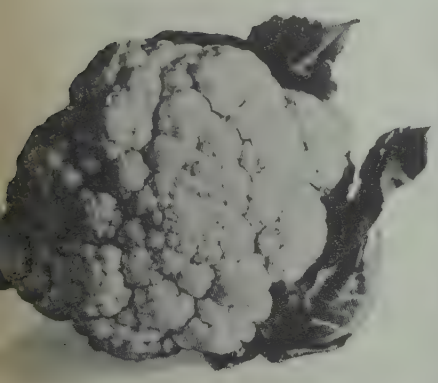
It must be said for Mrinal Sen that he stoically withstood the angry attacks from a section of the "intellectual" audience that dubbed him a "moralist" and his film "reactionary." This film was screened on the last day, when it had been decided that the concluding seminar would be devoted to what could be concretely done to improve the image of women in Indian cinema. A discussion which perhaps could have been the most fruitful out of all the days was, unfortunately, marred by certain very "socially and politically conscious" persons in the audience, who got carried away by their own ideological rhetoric. So that it got difficult to even understand the jargon used, leave alone try to sift the grain from the chaff.

About the only "concrete" result that emerged ultimately, was that the representatives of the film industry recognised the need now to begin to portray women in a more "positive" light. Their acceptance of the fact that even if she cannot be shown victorious in the end, she need not be shown "defeated" either, is in itself significant. Her struggle could continue. It was also suggested that more women should participate in film making, and that the opinions of women be considered when a film maker is attempting a movie in which the protagonist is a woman.

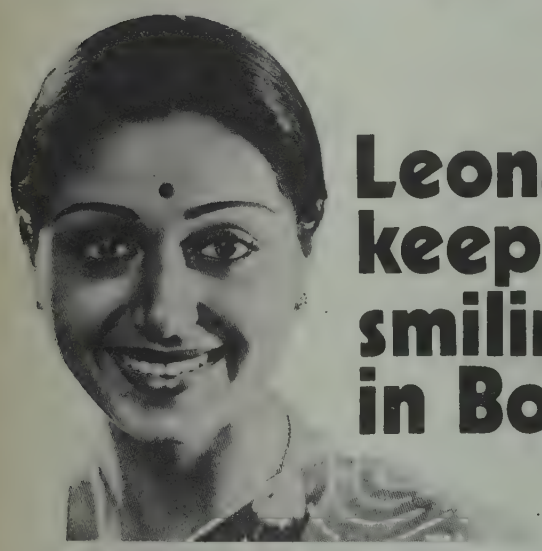
While there is not doubt that a sincere and constructive interaction of this type between honest film makers and interested women's organisations can only be beneficial to the image of women in Indian cinema, the question still remains whether this in itself is adequate. How much influence can a film like "Ghatashraddha" ultimately have if it cannot be released in those very villages (like Kasaravalli) where still thrive those very attitudes the film maker has tried to expose? Of how much use is a film like "Aandhi", if it can be banned due to political pressures? Can a film artistic movement be successful if it grows in isolation, without parallel and similar social and political movements? These related questions went untackled at the screenings and seminars. Hopefully, the further activities of these women's organisations and film makers will take them into consideration.



Leonard chills lemonade in London



Leonard keeps cauliflower crisp in Cochin



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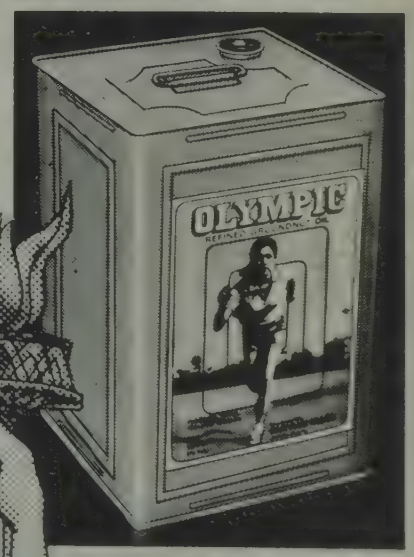

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SHIPS THAT PASS

Continued from page 23

posed groups, us in the centre, finally the three albums of photographs, one in colour. The honeymoon...

I turned swiftly away from visions to reality. And that was Ghanshyam taking me out a few days later. We went for a long drive, then to the beach. Gravely, even solemnly, he told me all about himself. I felt strangely outraged as if a stranger had begun undressing in my presence. And all the time wondered... do we hold hands now? Or later? Will he try to kiss me? What will I do if he does? Respond? Resist?

To my disappointment, nothing happened. We talked, or rather he did, and he took me back home after dinner, with Amma waiting for us, looking indecently curious. We fixed up another day. I'll suggest a movie, I thought. Less boring. But I never had a chance. The very next day the two letters arrived. Two letters saying exactly the opposite things. They began in the same way, congratulating me on my results. (They didn't know about Ghanshyam as yet.)

"I suppose you'll be trying for some sort of a job now," Akka went on. "Anand is thinking of calling you over here. The excuse is I'm not well. I'm sure you have many better things to do, so just ignore him if you don't feel like it. I'm all right. Come only if you want to."

"I have a favour to ask of you, Radhu," Anand's letter said. "Obviously you haven't made up your mind about what you're going to do next. If there isn't anything, can you come here? It's Shanti. She's not well, her arthritis is worse. Yet she won't see a doctor, won't let us help her. Maybe, you can help her. I have no influence over her at all."

Shanti and Anand... I'd been seeing them together since I was an impressionable kid. Heard their names clubbed together ever since I could remember. I'd been born 14 years after Dada and 12 years after Akka. When I was a scrawny kid who didn't seem to fit anywhere, Akka had been the centre of the household. With Anand waiting to get his degree and a job so that they could get married. When he did, she gave up everything and married him. And now...

Yes, I would go. And not just to escape Ghanshyam and his visits and his drives and going crazy not knowing what to say to him. Perhaps by going to Akka as an engaged girl, engaged to such a catch as Ghanshyam, I'd let the ghost of a beautiful, successful elder sister rest in peace.

To be Continued

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

REKHA TOPPLES AMITABH

Salim-Javed, Javed to be more exact, hightime one separated them, off their screenplys at least. Dabbling in poetry and through it putting a foot in Yash Chopra's "Silsila" pie, has not lessened his appetite for picking up brawls. By now everyone in filmdom has been through his harmless "come over for a cup of tea" invitation. Since I do not suffer from rhuematism, neither is my ego situated in a cup of tea, plus I was getting a free lift from Mr. Rauf of "Super", I had gone with a firm "no" to any interview or story.

I am never known for giving interviews although I am on top priority with any magazine for one. Anyway, it is well-known how he, with a half reluctant Salim, and a too willing Rauf, dealt with the story. Then there were stories of how "Amitabh and Shatru come to Javed's house for a role," and how they pack up people after a few pegs of whisky with a polite "no." How Rajesh Khanna invited himself to Javed's house and Javed rang him up to say he and Salim, with their families, were going out for the day. Their wives had made the programme earlier.

"Why did you do that, how could you close your doors to anyone, especially to your past?" I had asked.

"Your frienship with him is over, so what are you talking about?" Javed said.

"Friendship is over, not the relationship," I had said.

Followed the disaster of "Kala Patthar", the threats of bringing out Kanwaljit and smashing Amitabh. After more hotch-potch and somersaults the Salim-Javed final score at the year end is war with Amitabh, no progress of "Pathar Ke Log", a compromise with Rajesh in their "Zamana" and a toe in the R.K. camp via Chintu.

All this could not occupy Javed, and on the eve of the release of "Dostana" he, rather they, dragged producer Yash Johar to court. They tried to bring an injunction on the release, but failed. It all started when they refused to pay the increased price of the film for C.P.I territory (distribution) and World Rights controller Hinduja refused to deal with the demands of silver jubilee overflow, etc. He even ignored their cheque of Rs. 25,000 and sold the film to some other party. So Javed was all rabdi and malai to Yash Johar on the phone, and got him to talk informally, Then he taped the whole conversation for the court case. And filmdom, including me who had not really taken sides, unanimously condemned the taping. Now they face isolation, even a telephonic one.

The whole shameful episode can still have a hurried but happy end if "Dostana" clicks. But the chances are few. For example, Amitabh opening in black on Rs. 12 only, the hotch-potch script and Zeenat's no more sellable nudity.

Coming to more important events, Amitabh's coming down film after film. The entire film calculation has toppled. And, of all the people, Amitabh will be replaced by Rekha.

PS : Rekha's first act of charity, after making a bid for Amitabh's superstar crown, was to condescend to co-star with him in Yash Chopra's "Silsila", provided Jaya Bachchan works in the film. Amitabh has agreed. Rekha is confident enough now as an actress to take on a Jaya with Amitabh.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Soroptimist International of North Bombay is an international body doing social and welfare work for the needy and for the uplift of women in particular.

A "balwadi" has been opened at Bandra, which started with only five children of construction workers and now has a batch of 36 children, ranging from three to ten years. Cutting, sewing and embroidery classes have also been organised for under-privileged girls.

The Soroptimists celebrated their Charter Night recently at a member's residence, and the out-going President, Dr. Miss Charlotte de Quadros handed over the Chain of Office to the in-coming President Mrs. Homai F. Mistry in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Ahmed Zakaria, who were the chief guests of the evening.

The founder member of the Soroptimist International was Mrs. Perin A. Bhiwandiwalla.

* * *

An exhibition-cum-sale of paintings, greeting cards, sarees, and salwar suits was held by Usha Mehta of "Pujan" at Hotel Oberoi Towers. Silver ornaments were also on display.

A talented artist, Usha Mehta received a diploma in architecture from the University of Michigan, U.S.A.

* * *

"Kalyani" from Madras are holding an exhibition of exquisite kanjivaram and kalakshetra silk and cotton sarees at Aakar Art Gallery from November 7 to 9, 1980.

* * *

The Indian Society For The Rehabilitation of the Handicapped and the Lions Club of Walkeshwar, (Bombay) organised a programme entitled, "Wealth of Talent" at the Birla Krida Kendra. Lion Jaywant Parekh District Governor 323-A Lions presided over the function and the Chief Minister, Mr. A.R. Antulay was the guest of honour.

DELHI

The Taj Group of Hotels launched a new project at the Pragati Maidan where International exhibitions are regularly held. They have taken over three complexes around the Central Pond. One of them will serve North Indian food with facilities fo banquets and meetings. The second is a fast food restaurant which will consist of ready-to-eat and take-away items at economical prices. The third will be an art gallery-cum-restaurant complex where exhibitions of handicrafts and painting will be arranged along with cultural shows.

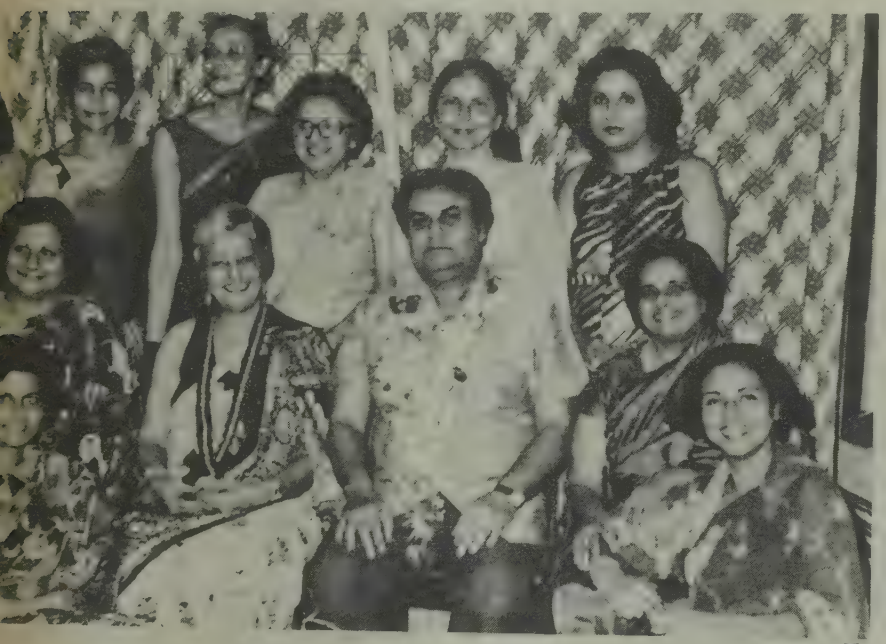
These complexes will be catering to all strata of society and the accent will be on economy and quality cuisine. The complex was inaugurated by the Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

* * *

"Hakoba Embroidered Fabrics" organised an exhibition of their wide range of embroidered fabrics, strips and flowers at the Janpath Hotel. There were about two thousand varieties of embroidered fabrics in a variety of materials. Besides attractive sarees with embroidered borders, there were salwar-kurta sets, nightwear and lingerie.

CALCUTTA

An exhibition of 2,500 books from Bangladesh was inaugurated at the Austosh Birth Centenary



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1. Members of the Soroptimist International of North Bombay seen with the chief guest, Mr. Ahmed Zakaria, at their Charter Night celebrations held in Bombay recently.

2. Rohini Sinha (centre) flanked by guests at her exhibition of drawings held at Max Mueller Bhavan, Bombay.

3. Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi seen with Mrs. Mohini Mathur, Mrs. Sarla Sheth and Mrs. Homi Taleyarkhan, President, Maharashtra State Women's Council, at a felicitation function held by representatives of women's welfare organisations at Raj Bhavan.

4. Mrs. Indira Gandhi inaugurating the hotel complex of the Taj Group of Hotels at the Pragati Maidan, Delhi. Also seen are Mr. R. M. Daruwala, Vice-pres., Indian Hotels Group, Miss Pahaljani, and Mrs. Gandhi's grandchildren.

4

Hall, by Mr. S. Ghosh, Minister for Higher Education, West Bengal. Mr. Harunur Rashid, Deputy High Commissioner for Bangladesh, announced that this was the second book exhibition organised by them to meet the consistent demand of the public in Calcutta for literature, and journals from Bangladesh. The Chairman of the National Book Trust of India, Mr. A. L. Dias co-sponsored this interesting venture.

* * *

The ninth anniversary function of the Bustee Welfare Society and the official opening of their fourth Health Clinic in Beltala Bustee was held at the Max Mueller Bhavan. Inaugurating the function, Mrs. Kamal Basu, wife of West Bengal's Chief Minister, Mr. J. Basu, commended the devoted voluntary service of Mrs. Sheila Davar, the President, and her team of ladies, who were giving education and health services to the children of eight bustees, benefiting approximately 15,000 to 20,000 children.

The Ladies Study Group, an association which holds pride of place in the city in organizing seminars on current problems. held their timely seminar entitled, "Are Women Safe?" The speakers were able to thrash out the problem in all its aspects, moral, legal, medical and psychological. The panel leaders were Bachi J. Karkaria, Hanskumari Dev Burman, Dr. Duru Lilaram, and Dr. Ajita Chakravarty. The vice-president of the Ladies Study Group, Priti Kapoor, welcomed the speakers and the audience. Justice Manjula Bose of Calcutta High Court, presided.

MADRAS

An exhibition of paintings was held at the Lalit Kala Akademi Gallery recently. The landscapes and still lifes on show were the work of Susheila Williams, a talented artist from Coimbatore, who has received her training from Mr. Anand Michael of Michigan University. The exhibition was inaugurated by Dr. I. Job Thomas, Chairman, Centre for South Asian Studies, Davidson College, USA.

* * *

The President of India, Mr. N. Sanjiva Reddy, inaugurated "Vishranthi", a Home for aged destitute women at Palavakkam. This Home was started by a group of housewives who formed a Club called the Monday Charity Club, with Mrs. Savitri Vaithi as President. The club was aided by the funds given by Helpage India, who sponsor "Walks" by school children. The Governor of Tamil Nadu presided over the function, and the Tamil Nadu Minister for Information, Mr. R. M. Veerappan, released a souvenir on the occasion. Mrs. Vaithi welcomed the gathering and Mrs. Visalam Krishnan read a report on the activities of the club.

* * *

To celebrate the twenty-third International Day of the Deaf, the Association of the Adult Deaf held a meeting at Hotel Taj Coromandel. The Founder President of the Madras Association of Adult Deaf, Mrs. Lily Thomas, welcomed the chief guest, Mr. C. Ramdas, I.A.S., Secretary, Education, Government of Tamil Nadu.

HYDERABAD

Munshi Premchand's centenary celebrations were held in Bhongir at the S.L.N. College. Various papers were read on the life of the great writer, among them an interesting one by R. K. Khandelwal, head of the Hindi Department, Osmania University.

* * *

Asian Paints has started an interior decoration course for the ladies of the twin cities. Speaking at the inauguration held at the Park Lane Hotel, Mrs. Anar Vijayakar, Chairperson, Consumer Guidance Society, said it was a great boon for them, and would help the ladies not only to appreciate tastefully decorated Interiors, but also to do up their own houses inexpensively.

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5. At the inauguration of an interior decoration course by Asian Paints at Park Lane Hotel, Hyderabad, are seen (from left) Mr. V. Jayaram, Bilkiz Alladin, Renu Hasan, Anar Vijayakar, Sudha Mehra and Mr. A. Raploe.

6. At the inauguration of the Bangladesh Book Exhibition in Calcutta, are seen (from left) Mr. A. L. Dias, Chairman, National Book Trust of India, Mr. S. Ghosh, Minister for Higher Education, Mr. H. Rashid, Deputy High Commr. Bangladesh, Mrs. H. Rashid, Dr. Roma Choudhury, and Lady Ranu Mookherji.

7. A cheque was presented to the Medical Research Foundation, Madras, by the members of the Bothra Memorial Trust in memory of a dynamic Jaycee, Mr. Bahadur Singh Bothra. Seen (from left) are Mrs. V. Badrinath, Mrs. C. L. Schepens, Dr. Badrinath, Mr. M. Rao, Dr. C. L. Schepens and Mr. A. Ahuja.

Bombay exhibitions' photo overleaf.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK NOV 9 —15, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

If your work is creative, relying to some extent on inspiration, it should be a successful year. If, on the other hand, you enjoy music, painting and other spare time interests, you will get lots of fun from them and these hobbies throw you together with come attractive people. It will be a busy year, with quite a lot of changes, possibly a move, either at work or at home. Romantically, meetings in mid-1981 could lead to a firm commitment by the end of the year or in earrly 1982. An easy-going time for family life, if you allow for a restless atmosphere at times. Money trends are high.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

While you must watch outgoings, there may be a spot of money luck this week. Long term financial affairs, travel and future plans are favoured. Quite a good time to plan ahead. If single, a personal link can be taken a step further.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

You will be putting in a lot of effort for those you love without much immediate reward. But keep abreast of tasks, and hard work will pay off a little later on. It's a lucky time for your partner, so give him encouragement.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

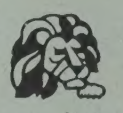
Try to avoid quarrels even if you have to submerge your own wishes and feelings. If you have a minor bealth worry, sort it out; rest if you are just "under the weather". There could be conflict in close relationships, a pull between the old and the new.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

There are romantic opportunities, if single. Some unexpected gifts and compliments may come your way. You may be asked to take a more active role in a club or other organisation to which you belong.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

New friendships will blossom, present links will strengthen. A sociable and light-hearted week with good news to lift your spirits. Keep up to date on what is happening. A short journey or unexpected meeting will have a happy outcome.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Catch up on trivial routine tasks, get yourself sorted out. Life will be busy shortly, but in a wholly enjoyable way. An unusual happening may have you changing some of your ideas, perhaps taking up a new spare-time activity.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

There is a happy influence on romance, the lighter side of life. Your ambitions should proceed well, under the influence of Jupiter, the planet known as the "luck-bringer." Yet, expect to work hard for gains!

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Your stars are lively but also sympathetic, so go after what you want. Push yourself forward and blow your own trumpet! You will be reconsidering some long-held ideas soon — also some of your current relationships.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

You can improve your set-up over the next few months and enjoy a lively social round. New people will enter your scene, to bring a flirtatious atmosphere, unusual outings. If actively interested in sports, you could win a prize.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Meetings this week could lead to a friendship which will be helpful. You will find some minor opportunities any time from now, so push ahead with your special plans Cultivate new friendships.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A successful week for whatever you attempt if you keep ideas and efforts within your scope. A special goal is within reach and an enthusiastic mood will help. Make sure you communicate agreeably in all areas of activity.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

An invitation might involve travel, accept it. Perhaps your hopes and wishes have been frustrated over the past year. You can now make headway, and unexpected help may come along.

BOMBAY

At an exhibition-cum-sale of hand-made greeting cards and aluminium etchings held at Contempora Art Gallery, are seen (from left) Snehlata P. Engineer, Kokila A. Modi and Swati P. Engineer.

Film star Hema Malini inaugurated a sale of sarees, paintings and readymade garments at Hotel Oberoi Towers. Also seen is Usha Mehta of "Pujan" who organised the exhibition.

Bonnie Boutique held an exhibition-cum-sale of exclusive dresses, baby wear and articles for new-borns at Aakar Art Gallery. Snehlata Lalpuria and Lata Agarwal (2nd and 3rd from left) are seen with guests.

At an exhibition held by Jagdish Textiles, Jetpur, and Jagfashion Mills, Ahmedabad, at Hotel Oberoi Towers, are seen Mr. Ghanshyam Bosamia, Director, Jagfashion Mills (2nd from left), film star Poonam Dhillon who inaugurated the exhibition and others.

Sohna Ketchup –it really gets spread all over

Children just love tomato ketchup with everything they eat. Give them Sohna Ketchup. While they relish its delicious tang, you can be sure that they're getting all the nutrition of good wholesome tomatoes.
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Sohna

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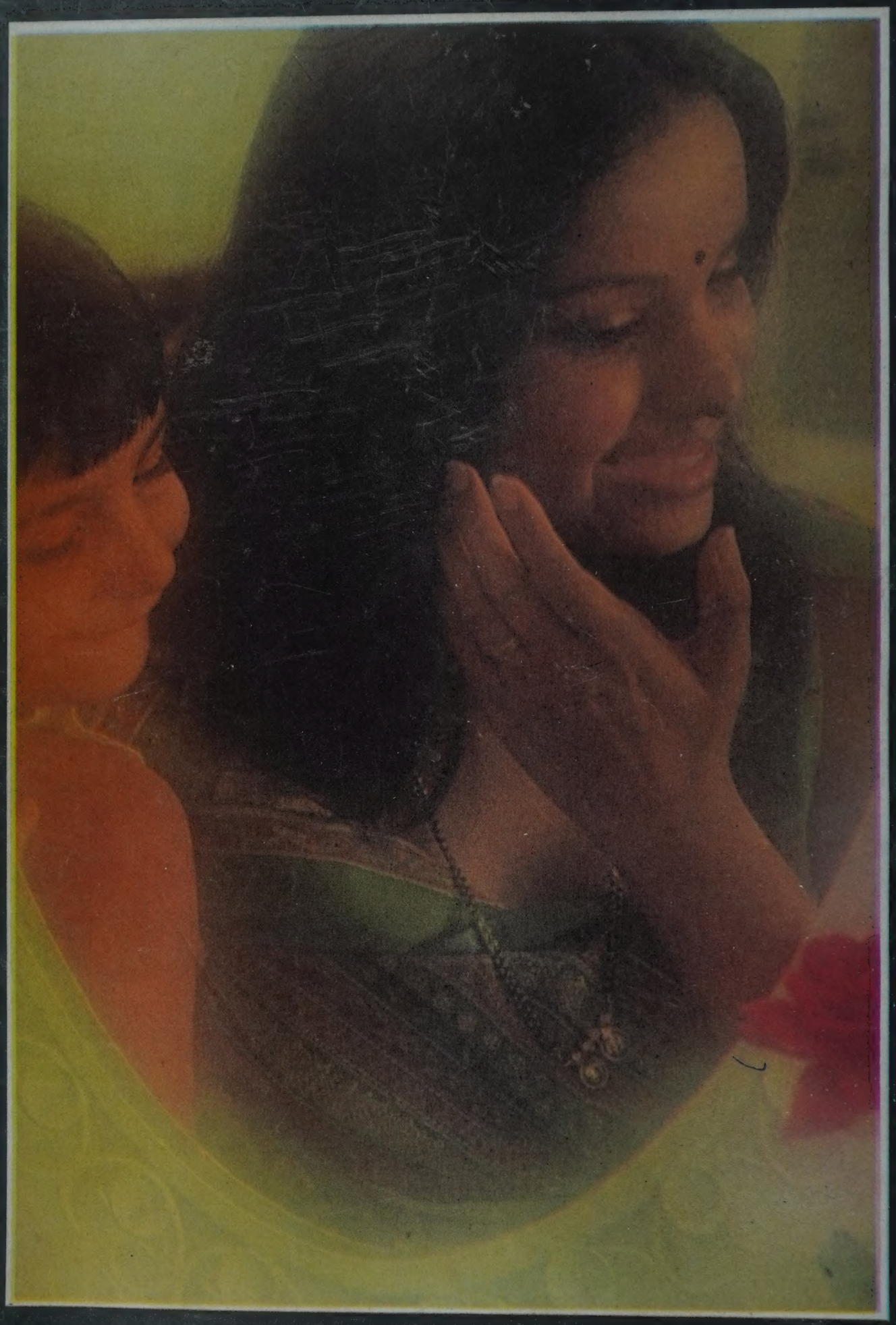

Terkosa Sarees from Khatau